THE Northern Lasse, A COMOEDY.

As it hath been Acted with great Applause, at the THEATRE-ROYAL. *By His Majesties* SERVANTS.

Written by *Richard Brome.*

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus, Mart.

LONDON:
Printed for *A. Moseley*, at the *Prince's Arms* in Saint *Pauls* Church-yard. 1663.

The Persons in the Comœdy.

Sir *Philip Euckless*, contracted to Mistresse *Fitchow* the City Widow.
Master *Tridewell*, Kinsman to Sir *Philip*
Sir *Paul Squelch*, } Justices · Mistresse *Fitchows* friends.
Master *Bulfinch*, }
Master *Widgine*, a Cockney-Gentleman, Brother to Mistresse *Fitchow*.
Anvile, a Braggart, Governour to *Widgine*.
Master *Nonsense* a *Cornish* Gentleman, Suitor to *Constance*.
Pate, a witty Serving-man to Sir *Philip*.
Beavis, a blunt Serving-man to Mistresse *Traynwell*.
Howdee, Mistresse *Fitchows* man and Gentleman Usher.
Vexhem, a Constable.
Clerk to Sir *Paul*.
Masquers.
Mistresse *Fitchow*, the City Widdow.
Constance the Northern Lasse.
Mistresse *Traynwell* her Governesse.
Con. Holdup, a cunning Whore.
Chambermayd to Mistresse *Fitchow*.

To the
Right Worthy, and no leſſe Judicious than Ingenious Gentleman,

RICHARD HOLFORD, *Eſquire.*

SIR,

RIch Friends may ſend you rich Preſents, while poor ones have nothing but good wiſhes to preſent you. Though I be one of the laſt rank, and therefore cannot do like the firſt, yet it is my ambition to bring more than bare wiſhes with me, to one, of whom I have received real favours. A Countrey Laſs I preſent you, that *Minerva*-like was a brayn-born Child, and *Jovially* begot, though now ſhe ſeeks her fortune. She came out of the cold North, thinly clad; but *Wit* had pity on her, *Action* apparell'd her, and *Plaudits* clapp'd her cheekes warm. She is honeſt, and modeſt, though ſhe ſpeak broad: And though *Art* never ſtrung

her tongue; yet once it yielded a delightful sound, which gain'd her many Lovers and Friends, by whose good liking she prosperously lived, until her late long Silence, and Discontinuance (to which she was comppell'd) gave her justly to fear their losse, and her own decay. Wherefore she, now, desirous to settle her self in some worthy service, and no way willing (like some of further breed) to return from this Southern Sun-shine, back to her native Air; I thought it might become my care (having first brought and estrang'd her from her Countrey) to sue, with her, for Your noble *Patronage*; of Whom, she hears, (if Flattery abuse her not) she hath, heretofore, gotten some good opinion. Your love to witty and pleasant Recreations of this nature, hath brought her on; and Northern Spirits will soon wax bold. If you be pleased to accept of her, she will travel no further, but, together with my self, remain

Ever at your Service,

Richard Brome.

To my old Faithful Servant, and (by his continu'd Vertue) my loving Friend, the Author of this Work, Mr. *Richard Brome*.

I Had you for a Servant, once, Dick Brome;
And you perform'd a Servants faithful parts,
Now, you are got into a neerer room,
Of Fellowship, *profeſſing my old Arts.*
And you do doe them well, with good applauſe,
Which you have juſtly gained from the Stage,
By obſervation of thoſe Comick Lawes
Which I, your Maſter, *firſt did teach the Age.*
You learn'd it well, and for it ſerv'd your time
A Prentice-ſhip: which few do now adays.
Now each Court-Hobby-horſe will wince in rime;
Both learned and unlearned, all write Playes.
It was not ſo of old: Men took up trades
That knew the Crafts they had bin bred in right:
An honeſt Bilbo-*Smith would make good blades,*
And the Phyſician *teach men ſpue, or ſhite;*
The Cobler *kept him to his nall, but now*
He'll be a Pilot, *ſcarce can guide a Plough.*

Ben. Johnſon.

To his approved Friend Mr. *Richard Brome*, on his NORTHERN LASSE.

WHat! wilt thou proſtitute thy Miſtreſſe, *(Friend)*
And make ſo rich a Beauty common? What end
Do'ſt thou propoſe? She was thine own, but now
All will enjoy her free: 'tis ſtrange that thou
Canſt brook ſo many Rivals in thy Laſſe,
Whoſe Wit and Beauty does her ſex ſurpaſſe.
I've learnt it; Thou haſt try'd her, found her chaſte,
And fear'ſt not that ſhe'll lewdly be embrac't:
And now thou ſend'ſt her to be ſeen, and ſee
If any be like fair, like good as Shee.

F. T. Mag. Art. Oxon.

To

To his ingenious Brother, Mr. *Richard Brome*, upon this witty issue of his Brain, the NORTHERN LASSE.

Although I call you by a Brothers name,
I must confesse (nor do I fear the shame)
I am in love with your fair Daughter, this,
As fair condition'd as her Father is.
Well met abroad, blithe, bonny Northern Lasse:
Thy natural Beauties others far surpasse
That are enrich'd with Fucusses *of Art,*
Thy witty sweetness bears so fair a part.
Not a Good woman, *nor a* Girle worth Gold,
Nor twenty such (whose gaudy shews take hold
Of gazing eys) shall in acceptance thrive
With thee, whose quaintness is superlative.
Dick may be proud she's Daughter to no other,
As I am proud that I have such a Brother.

St. Br.

Of Mr. *Richard Brome* his ingenious Comedy, the NORTHERN LASSE.

To the Reader.

Poets and Painters curiously compar'd,
Give life to Fancy, and atchieve Reward
By immortality of Name: so thrives
Art's Glory, *that* Art, *what it breaths on lives.*
Witness this Northern Piece. *The Court affords*
No newer fashion, or for wit, or words.
The Body of the Plot is drawn so fair,
That the souls language quickens with fresh air.
This well limb'd Poem, by no rate, or thought
Too dearly priz'd, being or sold, or bought.

John Ford.

The Authors very Friend.

To

To my Sonne *Broom* and his *LASSE.*

WHich, then of Both shall I commend?
Or thee (that art my Son and Friend)
Or Her, by thee begot? A Girle
Twice worth the Cleopatrian *Pearl.*
No, 'tis not fit for me to Grace
Thee, who art mine; and to thy Face.
Yet I could say, the merriest Maid
Among the Nine, *for thee has laid*
A Ghyrlond *by; and jeers to see*
Pyed Ideots tear the Daphnean *Tree;*
Putting their Eyes out with those Boughs
With which shee bids me deck thy Brows.
But what I bring shall crown thy Daugheer
(My Grand-child) *who (though full of laughter)*
Is chaste and witty to the time;
Not lumpish-cold, as is her Clime.
By Phœbus *Lyre, thy* Northern Lasse
Our Southern prondest Beauties *passe:*
Be Jovial *with thy Brains (her Mother)*
*And help her (*Dick*) to such another.*

Tho. Dekker.

To his known Friend Mr. *R. Broome*, on his
NORTHERN LASSE.

MY Love may wrong thee, Friend; and should I praise
Thy Book, I fear 't would stain the wreathing Bays
That crowns thy Head: No, they that know, can tell
This Piece craves not a bribing Prayer to sell.
Here's Beauty, Wit, *and* Language *in a Glasse.*
Who would not have a Copy of this Lasse.

F. T.

Prologue.

GAllants, *and* Friends-ſpectators, *will yee ſee*
A ſtrain of Wit that is not Poetry?
I have Authority for what I ſay:
For He himſelf ſays ſo, that Writ the Play,
Though in the Muſes *Garden he can walk;*
And choiceſt flowers pluck from every ſtalk
To deck the Stage; *and purpoſeth, hereafter,*
To take your Judgements: now he implores your laughter;
Sayes He would ſee you merry; thinks it long
Since you were laſt delighted with a Song.
Your Books, he ſayes, can ſhew you Hiſtory;
And ſerious Paſſages better than He;
And that He ſhould take pains in Act to ſhow
What you already by your Studies *know,*
Were a preſumption. 'Tis a Modeſty
Un-us'd 'mongſt Poets. *This being only He*
That boaſteth not his worth; and doth ſubſcribe
Himſelf an under ſervant in their Tribe.
Yet though he ſlight himſelf, We not deſpair,
By him, to ſhew you what is Good and Rare.

THE NORTHERN LASSE.

Act. I. Sce. I. Enter Sir *Philip Luckles*, *Tridewell*.

Tri. BUT I beseech you Sir, Take me somewhat nearer your Councel. May I assure my self, that this Report goes true; that you are on this Treaty of Marriage with that Widow?

Luc. Faith Cosin, I take it as my Fortune; and am fully bent on the adventure.

Tri. Troth, in my mind, you were better venture your self, and Fortune to the *Bermudas*. Tis true, she has a good Estate; some Nine thousand, I think: and were an apt match for one that knew how to govern it, and her; some Hard-bred Citizen, Crafty Lawyer, or Countrey Justice. But you, a tender Nurseling of the Court, altogether unmixt with such nature or education, to cast your self upon her, who for her years might be your Mother, (they say: I never saw her) and has been the Town-widow these Three years, still conversant with Doctors, and Proctors of the Civil Law; of which Tribe her Husband was too: Never look to be better for her Riches: She'le consume yours and you too, though your back were *Herculean*; and lay you in your Grave, or in *Bedlam* (my life on't) before she dream o' dying, though it be all that you can hope, or pray for, after Marriage.

Luc. You speak Sir out of some unfortunate examples, and your extraordinary care of me. But truth is, all dissuasion comes too late, and all urgings against it are now uncharitable; For we are already Man and Wife.

Tri. What, married!

Luc. Lustily promis'd Sir. Absolutely contracted.

Tri. Send you joy. I'le out of Town.

Luc. I hope you'l see our Marriage. I sent indeed to bid you.

Tri. No, good Sir *Philip*, rather than I would be in sound of a Bell that should Ring at it, I would have my brains fillipt out with the Clapper.

Luc. Nay, good Cosin: I intended you my principal guest. Wee'll have all very private, not above Four or five friends more.

Tri. Sir, I intend to be none of your Mourners, which indeed my presence there would make me; and so, perhaps, infect the rest. I leave my best wishes to you, and will indeavour to pray for you. Indeed I will.

Luc. Indeed this is very abrupt.

Act. I. Sce. II. Enter *Anvile. Widgine.*

An. Mr. *Tridewell!* well met. Why so fast Sir, I took you for a Foot-post.

Tri. A Foot-post! Indeed your fine wit will post you into another World one of these dayes, if it take not the whipping post i'the way. And why Foot-post, in your little witty apprehension?

An. Because you went so fast. But since you are angry, I would you were going twice as fast. If I interrupt you, hang me. Dee hear?

Tri. Nay, I know you are apt to decline any mans anger, good Captain *Anvile*, you have been beaten to't.

Wid. Why, if he have, he may thank such as you are, that can endure no Jest.

Tri. What are you there too? Mr. *Widgine*, I take it?

Wid. My name is *Walter Widgine* Sir, not to be denied; the only brother here of Sir *Philip Luckles* his berroth'd. She is a *Widgine* born Sir, and of the best family; our Ancestors flew out of *Holland* in *Lincolnshire* to prevent persecution.

Tri. From *Crow-land* I warrant you, a little before a moulting time.

Wid. Like enough Sir. My sister can tell you. Since, by Marriage, she was made a *Fitchow*; her Husband was *Fitchow* the Civil Lawyer; he was call'd the great Cannonier of the Civil Law, because he could discharge, or make report of every Canon therein; Canon after Canon, or Canon upon Canon at his fingers ends, as readily as I can tell these pieces.

Tri. A fair demonstration!

Wid. He had many rare parts in him besides Sir, as my sister can tell you.

Tri.

Tri. This fellow cannot chooſe but have a rare ſiſter, he quotes her ſo!

Wid. But all the good I can ſpeak of him, is, that he left my ſiſter rich; or at leaſt a reaſonable Eſtate, half a ſcore thouſand pounds, or ſo; which ſhe, with her ſelf, beſtows upon this honourable Knight, Sir *Philip Luckier*, to be a Lady of that name, and God gi' him joy. And for you, being his Kinſman, I ſhall deſire your nearer acquaintance.

Tri. In good time Sir.

Wid. The match was not altogether her own ſeeking Sir, though ſhe refus'd two Aldermen for him on my own knowledge.

Tri. Might ſhe had 'hem both Sir?

Wid. I and half a ſcore Aldermens fellows to boot: yet refus'd all for him.

Tri. Indeed ſix yoke of ſuch Cattel would plow up all his Acres in a forenoon.

Wid. My ſiſter can tell you more Sir.

Tri. Still ſhe is his Authority. I will ſee this Woman, Sir *Philip*, here are Gueſts will applaud your match. Bid 'hem welcom. God buy. *Ex.*

Wid. For my part I honour any man, that marries my ſiſter. Sir *Philip*, and my noble brother in expectation, I pray embrace my Governor, Captain *Anvile*, here; and give him and me our Gloves, you ſhall find him worthy your acquaintance. He has wit, I can tell you; and breaks as many good Jeſts as all the wits, fits and fancies about the Town, and has train'd up many young Gentlemen, both here, and in divers parts beyond the Seas. He was dry Nurſe (that's one of his own Jeſts upon himſelf) to the Engliſh youth, a dozen years together beyond Sea: And now he is my Governor, and I find profit in it; you cannot think what an Aſs I was before I met with him: And I mean to travel with him, two or three years hence, my ſelf. In the mean time, he ſhall ſpend a Hundred a year out of *Wat Widgines* purſe. Sha't ifaith Governor, what aileſt thou? art thou not right?

An. I ſhall find a time to right my ſelf, I doubt not.

Luc. But will you travel at theſe years, Mr. *Widgine*?

Wid. Will you not call me brother? Two dayes hence, when you have married my ſiſter, you muſt. Muſt he not, Governor?

Anv. Yes an't please him.

Wid. He ails something.

Luc. Well then brother, two dayes hence, will you travel?

Wid. I some two yeats hence, mistake me not. I know I am but young yet; besides, I mean to marry first, as other young Heirs do. And then towry lowty, faith, my noble Governor, and I! 'Twill be brave going into *France* then; I may learn half their fashions before I go, and bate so much, being caught at when I come there. What's the matter Governor? thou wert not wont to be thus. Is thy money all gone? Here's five peeces to buy pomps against my Sisters Wedding?

Anv. Have I eyes and ears, and can think of trifling money matters?

Wid. Pox on't, I had forgot. That scurvy surly Gentleman anger'd him ere while, and put him out of patience. How the hot fome of his Rage boyls out at his mouth? If I durst go so near the heat of him, I would skim the Pot.

Anv. If I trie not this *Tridewell*; put him to the dearest trial of his life. —

Wid. I there 'tis, he will never come to himself till he beat, or be beaten.

Anv. Let me have these knock'd out, these pull'd off, these pluck'd out, and these saw'd off.

Wid. I must venture on him. Nay, Governor, pray thee consider. ——

Anv. The time and place you mean. Think you he durst have done it, but in his Kinsmans house, he and the multitude of his servants present.

Wid. I, and we know not how many arm'd men in the next Room. Heark Governor.

Luc. What things are these! I shall marry into a fine stock! How untimely some considerations fall into my mind! My Cosins counsel, which hath ever been oraculously good, against which I violently bear my self, to mix my blood amongst a race of fools. Had but these thoughts been mine but one day past, they had prevented all that may prove dangerous in this so great and doubtful undertaking.

Act. I. Scc. III. Enter *Pate*, to *Luckles*, *Widgine*, *Anvile*.

Pa. Sir, there's a Gentlewoman would ſpeak with you.

Luc. Who is it? Do you not know her?

Pa. I never ſaw her before Sir. I askt her name; but I perceiv'd ſome diſpleaſure in her look (whether it were ſhame, grief, or anger, I know not) that made her conceal it; only telling me ſhe was a Woman very hurtleſs, and warrantable againſt your fear.

Wid. I warrant 'tis my Siſter. She frown'd, did ſhe not, and look'd fightingly? If ſhe did, 'tis my Siſter, your Wife that ſhall be. She will look ſo at you, I can tell you, or me, or my Governor, for all he is a Captain. She fears no Colours I faith, to tell you true, ſhe beat him once for a Jeſt he broke upon her *Monkey*. Is it not ſhe, think'ſt thou?

Pa. No Sir it is not ſhe, I know my Ladie that ſhall be.

Wid. My Ladie that ſhall be! how ſweetlie it chimes! Here's ſomething for that rd.

Luc. Go bring her up. Good brother *Widgine*, flie into the next Room with your Governor. I'le wait on you preſently.

Ex. Pate.

Wid. My Ladie! and brother *Widgine!* I muſt admire. Our houſe is rais'd by this two ſtories higher.—

Ex. Wid. Anv.

Luc. There's no recalling time, and vows of this high nature are no trifles.

Act. I. Scc. IV. Enter Miſtriſs *Trainewell*.

Tra. Sir, I ſuppoſe you are Sir *Philip Luckles*.

Luc. I am the man Ladie.

Tra. And you are ſhortlie to marrie a City-widow, one Miſtriſs *Fitchow*?

Luc. Moſt true.

Tra. For whoſe dear ſake, you purchas'd a Four hundred pounds Knighthood, to go a wooing in; out of which ſhe is to give Nine thouſand pounds for a Ladiſhip for term of life.

Luc. What mean you Gentlewoman?

Tra.

Tra. Sir not to ſcold or brawle (a Vice too frequent in our Sex.) But, in few words (and civil ones) to make you ſenſible of a little of that infinite injurie you have done to one, whoſe unvaluable portion of Vertue makes her fit (beſides the right ſhe has alreadie in you) to take a Brides place, before your later choice, or any ſhe, whoſe wealth might weigh down hers. You ſtand as if you knew not who I mean.

Luc. Nor what neither. Sure my name's abus'd.

Tra. Pray Sir bethink your ſelf, Has there not been a former contract made betwixt you and ſome other.

Luc. No. Nor any faithful promiſe neither.

Tra. That I may well believe, when you forget it.

Luc. I pray ſpeak nearer to my underſtanding, whom may you ſuggeſt to be the woman ſo much forgotten?

Tra. If you have ſoul or ſenſe, you muſt remember her. No? Read then her name ſubſcrib'd to that.

Luckles reads.

If pity, love, or thoughts of me,
Live in your Breaſt, I need not dye.
But if all thoſe from thence be fled;
Live you to know, that I am dead.

Conſtance.

Farewell good *Conſtance*, I am ſorry I have no further for thee.

Tra. Do you know that name Sir?

Luc. Yes Lady ſo well, that I am ſorry, that a Gentlewoman of your good ſeeming ſhould have to do for ſo light a piece of vanity. Leave going o' the Devils Errands; his Kingdom's large enough, and too much peopled already.

Tri. Pray Sir, are in you ſober earneſt?

Luc. I good faith am I.

Tra. You are unhappie then. For you ſhall looſe, in this diſdain of yours, more Honour than your life-time in Repentance can recover. So fare you well Sir. *Ex. Tray.*

Luc. Farewell old Whiskin. 'Slid I'le marrie out of the way; 'tis time I think: I ſhall be tane up for Whores meat elſe.

Conſtance!

Conſtance! ſhe had a Baſtard tother day too. What a miſchievous Maw has this ſhe-Canibal that gapes for me! Slight a common Trader, with I know not how many! I marvel ſhe was left out of *Cupids* Muſter. Sure ſhe brib'd the Ballad-maker; one that I have paid at all times too; here's one, there's tother. And now ſhe hears I am to vards Marriage, pretends a claim to me. And what a Miniſter ſhe hath procur'd! A Devil in a moſt Gentlewoman-like apparition. It had been well to have pump'd her. Is ſhe gone? *Enter Pate.*

Pate. Who Sir, the Gentlewoman? I put her in her Coach.

Luc. Her Coach! Coaches muſt needs be common, when their Carriages are ſo. By this light, *Oliver*, a Bawd, a verie Bawd. Where's my Brother *Widgine*, and his Governor *Anvile*? They are wholſomer Companie o' the two, yet.

Pa. A Bawd! Bleſs my Maſters wits. But the beſt is, if he be mad, there's that at hand will tame him, or any man: A fine Cooler, call'd Marriage, to take his Batchelors button a hole lower! Can it be poſſible? She might ha' been Mother o' the Maids, as well, to my ſeeming; or a Matron, to have train'd up the beſt Ladies Daughters in the Countrie. Here comes her man again.

Act. I. Sce. V. Enter *Beavis*, to *Pate.*

Be. Is Sir *Philip Luckles* i' the Houſe ſtill Sir?

Pa. Are you the Cock-bawd to the Hen was here, ere while Sir.

Be. Are you mad, or are you drunk Sir?

Pa. Come you to bargain for a Punk Sir? Faith where's the meeting? Where's the Supper? at the *Bridgefoot*, or the *Cat?* or where is it?

Be. Nay then Sir, though your Maſter be allowed to meaſure his manners, by his pleaſure, here, on his own Yard, I'le be bold to pull you out on't by the ears, and beat you into better faſhion.

Pa. Hold, hold. Pray hold a little Sir. I cry you mercy. I might be miſtaken. I ſee thou art a good Fellow. I have half a dozen for thee faith. S'foot what big words and terrible action he has! Is this the Bawds language? Pray pardon me Sir, I have been overwatch'd of late, and knew neither place, perſon, nor what I ſaid at the inſtant.

Be. Indeed? *Pa.*

Pa. I Sir, 'tis an infirmity I am much troubled withall; a kind of a —— between sleep and waking —— I know not what to call it. I would give Twenty Nobles to be cured on't. I pray take it not ill Sir, I use any man so, when the fits on me, till they throughly wake me.

Be. What, as I did now? by the Ears? Are you come to your self enough yet? or shall I help you further Sir?

Pa. No, 'tis very well now, I thank you Sir. Alas, I put my Master to the pains, twice or thrice a week, I assure you, to my grief.

Be. A very strange disease! How might you get it?

Pa. Faith I fell into't first, with a conceit I took for over-buying a bargain of drink. Your business with my Master Sir? I pray.

Be. Onlie to speak with him from the Gentlewoman was here een now.

Pa. I shall acquaint him with it.

Be. I shall be your Servant.

Pa. I pray pardon my Error.

Be. And you my boldness. *Ex.*

Pa. O not so Sir. Well Master Pimp I have a plot upon your imployment, as bravelie as you carrie it. I know he is a Bawd by his out-facing. And I do humble and disguise my Manhood to work on him by policie: And if I put not a fine slur upon him for all his brave bravados, then *Oliver Pate* has no brains, nor is there anie difference betwixt a Serving-man and a Pandar.— *Ex.*

Be. What a Trim-tram trick is this? the Master and the man both brain-cras'd; as the one used me, so did the other my Mistris. But I have brought this into a kind of civil sense again. Do we look like Bawds? There is some strange ground for this mistaking. I am sure she has ever been reputed a vertuous Gentlewoman, and has now the government and bringing up of a Virgin, of a most hopeful goodness. And I think I know my self, and dare beat anie man into a better construction of my quality. *Exit Pass.*

Pa. Now wit, and be thy will! Sir, my Master desires to be excused; for he is with some friends, on private business, concerning his Marriage, which is to be to morrow. But sayes, if it please you to meet him in the Evening, between four and five, in

the

the great Palace, and conduct him to the Gentlewoman, he will attend her with his best service.

Be. Between four and five in the Palace; but how shall I know him? I never saw him.

Pa. As I wish'd: But you may easilie. He is of a comelie stature, and will be in a red Cloak, and a white Feather: Besides, I'le wait on him.

Be. I thank you Sir. *Ex.*

Pa. Fare you well Sir. Good *Foist*, I shall make a whiskin of you now, and for nothing too. I have been a little bold with my Masters name in this answer, the knowledge of which he is unguiltie of. I saw how he shifted her off: Therefore I will further be bold with his name and person, which I will put upon a friend in store. My special friend, Captain *Anvile*, a notable lecherous Tuppe: He has been at me for a bit out of my Masters flock anie time these three Weeks. I'le pleasure him with her for readie monie. I know 'tis some cast stuffe, that my Master has done withall. And let him take what follows. *Ex.*

Act. I. Sce. VI. Enter *Fitchow*, *Howdee*, with Ink and Paper.

Fit. Well Sir. And what said Master *Luckles?*

Ho. Sir *Philip*, you mean forsooth.

Fit. The verie same Sir. But I begin to call him now, as I must call him hereafter. Ladies do not call their Husbands, as they are Knights; as Sir *Philip*, Sir *Timothy*, or Sir *Gregory*. Did you ever hear my Ladie *Squelch* call her Husband Sir *Paul*? No, but Master *Squelch*. Indeed all others must Sir them by their Christen names, because they are Knights, and to be known from other men; only their own Wives must master them by their Sirnames, because they are Ladies, and will not know them from other men. But to our business, what said he to you?

Ho. His Worship said forsooth ——

Fit. Nay, What said you to him first? I love to hear things in order.

Ho. I said that as you bade me forsooth.

Fit. As I bade you, Clotpoll? What was that? Shall I ever mould thee into a Gentleman Usher think'st thou, that stand'st so? Come forwards Sir, and repeat.

Ho. My Mistris commends her best love unto your Worship, and desires to know how your Worship came home last Night, and how your Worship have rested, and how your Worship does this morning? She hopes the best of your Worships health, and would be glad to see your Worship at your Worships best leasure.

Fit. This was verie well, word for word as I instructed. But did you worship him so much?

Ho. Yes trulie, and he commended me for it, and said, I shew'd my breeding.

Fit. Now Sir. His answer? in his own words.

Ho. Quoth he, I thank thy Mistris, and I thank thee. Prithee commend my service to her, and tell her, my worship came home upon my worships Foot-cloath; my worship took verie good rest, in my worships Bed; my worship has very little to do this morning, and will see her at my worships leasure.

Fit. Did he say so?

Ho. 'Twas either so, or so much I am sure. But he did not make me repeat, as you did, till I had con'd it by heart.

Fit. Well *Howdee* get you down. And do you hear *Howdee*? If Sir *Paul Squelch* come, bring him up.

Ho. I will forsooth Mistris.

Fit. I bade you learn to call me Madam.

Ho. I shall forsooth Ma-dam.

Fit. You shall forsooth Madam. 'Tis but a day to't, and I hope one may be a Ladie one day before her time.

Ho. A day too soon I doubt in this forward Age. *Ex.*

Fit. In the mean time, let me studie my remembrances for after Marriage.

Imprimis, To have the whole sway of the house, and all domestical affairs, as of accounts of houshold charges, placing and displacing of all servants in general; To have free liberty, to go on all my visits; and though my Knights occasions be never so urgent, and mine of no moment, yet to take from him the command of his Coach; To be in special fee with his best trusted servant; nor to let one live with him, that will not bewray all his counsels to me. To studie and practise the Art of Jealousie; To feign anger, melancholy, or sickness, to the life. These are Arts that Women must be well practis'd in, ere they can attain to wisdom, and ought to be the onlie studie of a widow, from the

the death of her firſt Husband, to the ſecond; from the ſecond to the third, matters of deeper moment; from the third to the fourth, deeper yet; And ſo proportionablie to the ſeventh, if ſhe be ſo long bleſt with life: But of theſe I may find time hereafter to conſider in order as they fall. Beſides, in all, to be ſingular in our will; to reign, govern, ordain Laws and break 'hem, make quarrels and maintain 'hem; profeſs truths, deviſe falſhoods; proteſt obedience, but ſtudie nothing more than to make our Husbands ſo; controll, controvert, contradict, and be contrarie to all conformitie: To which end, we muſt be ſure to be arm'd alwayes with prick and praiſe of the deceaſed; and carrie the Inventorie of our Goods, and the groſs Sum of our Dowrie perpetuallie in our mouths. Then does a Husband tickle the ſpleen of a woman, when ſhe can anger him, to pleaſe him; chide him, to kiſs him; mad him, to humble him; make him ſtiffe-necked, to ſupple him; and hard-hearted, to break him; to ſet him up, and take him down, and up again, and down again, when, and as often as we liſt.

Enter Howdee.

Ho. Madam.

Fit. I marrie, now thou ſay'ſt well.

Ho. And pleaſe your Ladiſhip.

Fit. Well ſaid again.

Ho. One Mr. *Tridewell*, a Gentleman, deſires to ſpeak with your Ladiſhip, from Sir *Philip*.

Fit. *Tridewell!* O it is Sir *Philips* Kinſman, I have heard him ſpeak much good of him, and entreated me to give him good Reſpect, which were enough to marre his entertainment, had I not another purpoſe of mine own, that may prove as ill. Bring him up *Howdee*.

Ho. I will Madam. — *Exit.*

Fit. I that was verie well. This *Howdee* do I mean with a caſt Gown to put in apparrel, and make my Gentleman Uſher; Not onlie for the aptneſs of his name, to go on my Viſits; but for his proportionable talent of wit and manners.

Act. I. Scen. VII. Enter *Tridewell* to *Fitchow*.

Tri. If I can yet redeem him, he is happie. By your leave Ladie: May my boldneſs prove pardonable?

Fit. Sir, the name of him you come from, is Warrant ſufficient to make your welcom here: All that is here being is his.

Tri. Is this ſhe trow!

Fit. I underſtand you come from Sir *Philip Luckles.*

Tri. 'Tis true, I brought his name thus far to enter me to your preſence. But here I ſhake it off, as I would do his remembrance, but that I know him too well.

Fit. Too well Sir? How mean you?

Tri. Too well indeed Ladie, but in the ill part. I know him to be no equal match for you. Yet I hear you receive him as a Sutor.

Fit. Right Sir. And him only.

Tri. It is not gone ſo far I hope.

Fit. Beſhrew me but it is, and farther too Sir. He has all wooed and won me.

Tri. Beſhrew your fortune then. And if my counſel,
The friendlieſt counſel e're you hearkned to,
Stop not your ventrous foot from one ſtep further,
(For now you are upon the brink of danger)
You fall into a Sea of endleſs ſorrows.

Fit. This is pretty!

Tri. Look back into your ſelf, read o're your Storie,
Find the content the quiet mind you liv'd in,
The wealth, the peace, the pleaſure you enjoy'd;
The free command of all you had beneath you,
And none to be commanded by above you
Now glaunce your eye on this ſide, on the yoke,
You bring your neck to, laden down with cares,
Where you ſhall faintlie draw a tedious life,
And every ſtep incounter with new ſtrife.
Then, when you groan beneath your burdenous charge,
And wearilie chance to revert a look
Upon the price you gave for this ſad thraldom,
You'le feel your heart ſtab'd through with many a woe,
Of which one dies not while a thouſand grow.
All will be then too late: Now is the time,
Now rings the warning Bell unto your breaſt:
Where if you can but entertain a thought,
That tells you how you are beſet with danger,

You are ſecure; Exclude it, you are loſt
To endleſs ſorrows, bought with deareſt coſt.
Fit. Pray Sir deal freely with me. What Reſpect
Moves you to make this ſtrong diſſwaſion?
Is it your care of me? or love of him?
Tri. A ſubtil queſtion! This woman is not brainleſs.
Love of him Ladie? If this can be love,
To ſeek to croſs him, in ſo great a hope,
As your injoying; being all the means,
Or poſſibilitie he has to live on;
If it be love to him, to let you know
How lewd and diſſolute of life he is,
By which his fortunes being ſunk, he is grown
The ſcorn of his acquaintance, his friends trouble,
Being the common borrower of the Town.
A Gallant lights not a Tobacco Pipe,
But with his borrowing letters (ſhee's not mov'd)
And if you put him off a Fortnight longer,
He'le be laid up for monies he took up
To buy his Knighthood; beſides his deep ingagements
To Goldſmith, Silkman, Taylor, Millener,
Sempſter, Shooemaker, Spurrier, Vintner, Tapſter,
(All ſtirs her not, ſhe ſtands as if prepar'd
To hear as much of truth, and bear with it.)
Men of all Trades, and Occupations,
From his Mercer downward to his Waterman,
Have ventur'd the laſt ſixpence on his Credit;
And all but wait to pay themſelves from you.
And I may well imagine how 'twould grieve
A woman of your wealth, to diſburſe all,
To ſave a Knight out of his Ward i'th' Counter;
And lack with all his Company at home;
While he frequents youthful ſociety
To make more charge for Nurſeries abroad;
For I have heard him ſay you are old, and that
It is your wealth he marries, and not you.
If this be love to him, that I diſcover
(The means to ſave you to be his undoing)
Let no man take a friends help in his wooing.
Fit. And how this ſhould proceed from care of me,
Falls not into my underſtanding Sir.

Tri.

Tri. Consider Ladie. ——
Fit. Sir I have consider'd
Before, and in your speech, and since; and cannot
By all that can be said remove a thought.
I lov'd him not for words: Nor will I use
Words against yours; 'twere poor expression
Of love to boast it. 'Tis enough I know it.
Boasters of love, how can we Lovers call,
When most of such love one no more than all.
Tri. Sure I was much mistaken in this woman.
Fit. Nor would I have you to expect a Railing,
To say you baselie wrong the Gentleman:
A way so common, common women use it.
But this Sir I will say, I were too blame,
If I should think your love to him were less
Than the great care of me, you seem to urge,
As you pretend it is.
Tri. She will discover me.
Fit. You are his Kinsman nearly, and reputed,
By his own mouth, his best of chosen friends;
My self an utter stranger, one from whom
You never had, or can expect least good.
And why you should, for a Respect so contrarie,
Call my poor wit in question to believe you,
Is most unconscionable.
Tri. Methink I stand
Like a false witness 'gainst anothers life,
Readie to take his punishment.
Fit. Nor will I fondlie think you meant to seek,
Crossing his match, to make it for your self:
Both for my known unworthiness, and your
Depraving him being no possible way
To make me think the better of your worth.
Tri. Can this be she? how strangely am I taken?
Fit. But I forgive, and charitablie think
All this brought no ill purpose; prettie Pageantrie,
Which may hereafter, 'mong our marriage mirth,
Fill up a Scene: for now I'le take no notice.
Indeed I will not: you may, if you please,
And tell your Cuz how hainously I take it.

Tri.

Tri. If thou hast mercie, Love, keep't from thy heart.
Wil't please you hear me?
Fit. Sir, I have enough.
And crave but leave to speak this little to you,
Which shall by Heaven be uncontroll'd as Fate.
If I shall find him bad, I'le blame my fortune:
Never repent, or thank you for your counsel.
If I shall find him good, and all this false,
Which you so violentlie have urg'd against him;
I'le love him nere the more, nor you the worse:
For I am not so poor, nor weakly spirited,
That should all friends to whom my faith is bound,
Say on their knowledge, that all this were true,
And that one hours protraction of our Marriage
Should mak't appear, that I would give allowance
To all their Bugbear Reasons, to defer
That hour the uniting of our hands: because
Our hearts are link'd by the Divinest Laws.
Tri. What have I done? The curse of over-weaning brains,
Shame and disgrace, are guerdon of my pains.
O, I shall fall beneath the scorn of fools:
A punishment as just, as great for such,
That do in things, concern them not, too much.
Fit. What ails the Gent?
Tri. On what a fetled Rock of Constancy
She planteth her affection? not to move,
Though all the breath of slanderous Reproach,
Driving tempestuous clouds and storms of horror,
Should beat, at once, against it.
Fit. Sir, How dee? Enter *Howdee.*
Ho. Ma-dam. *Fit.* Not you Sir.
Tri. I would I had not seen, at least not heard her
In all so contrarie to all opinion.
Fit. You are not well Sir.
Tri. They said she was old, unhandsom, and uncivil,
Froward, and full of womanish distemper.
She's none of these, but opposite in all. *Fit.* Sir,
Tri. My wittie purpose was to save my friend
From such a hazard; and so loath her so,
That I might make her loathsom to his fansie:

But

But I my self am faln into that hazard;
To wrong my friend, to burn in lawless Love,
Which oh that prayers or penance may remove.

Fit. You are not going Sir?

Tri. I beg your pardon, dare not look upon you. —— *Ex.*

Fit. Gone in a dream! Well, I perceive this jugling.
This strain was only to explore the strength
Of my affection to my luckless Knight.
For which, if both their Cunnings I not fit,
Let me be call'd the barren Wife of wit.

The End of the First Act.

Act. II. Sce. I. Fitchow.

Fit. The strangeness of this Gentlemans action will not out of my mind yet. Sir *Philip* could not but have a hand in it. Does he repent his bargain already, and desire to be quit with loss of his earnest? 'Tis but his faith and troth.

Enter *Widgine*, *Anvile*.

Wid. Sister, where are you? My Governor and I are come to wait upon you in Sir *Philip Luckles's* Coach. It waits at door for you, and what to do think you?

Fit. I cannot tell. Perhaps to invite me forth into the aire of *Hidepark* or *Maribone*, or else ——

Wid. Or else me no or elses, Sister, you cannot guess it. And I was a fool to ask you the question, now I think on't.

Fit. That was well remembred Brother.

Wid. Sister, you are to be a Ladie within this half hour. Your Knight is readie, so is the Parson too. My Governor here knows.

Anv. Yes Ladie, and that he intreats you to bear with the suddenness of the occasion, which he protests, deeply urges him to be married presently; desiring you not to trouble your self in examination of his Reasons; for upon his honestie and honour, the end of it is for good to you both. Come sweet Madam (now I am bold to give you your due Title) your Knight is ready prest on his adventures (dee hear) and 'tis only you, that he seeks to incounter.

Wid. There's a Jest now, but she understands it not. He makes her an Infidel, a wild beast or a monster, by that word incounter; what do Knights adventurers incounter else? look all the *Mirror* over. He'le incounter her. O the wit of a Governor! *An.*

Anv. 'Tis as I ſay Madam (dee hear) the good fit's come on him.

Wid. Ever at the tail of his dee hear, I am ſure to ſmell a jeſt: the fits come on him!

Fit. This ſudden importunity confirms my former doubt: He thinks his Scare-crow will make me keep off now, but he is coſen'd. Well Sir, he ſhall find me obedient to his hand. I am in all prepar'd to meet his purpoſes; though, Brother, I had thought to had conference this morning with Sir *Paul Squelch*, touching a match for you.

Wid. For me Siſter! Ha' you found out a Wife for me? ha' you? pray ſpeak, ha' you?

Fit. And a good match too Brother, Sir *Pauls* Neece; on whom, he, being Childleſs, means to beſtow a large Dowrie.

Wid. By my faith, and he may do't. He is rich Governor, one of the beſt Ten i' th' hundred men about this Town.

Fit. He is a right good man. Within there. *Ent. Howd.* Bid *Flaps* your Fellow bring my Fan and Mask. *Ex. Howd.*

Anv. Is he bounteous and liberal, ha? Does he make large Suppers, and lend money? Dee hear? Is he good at that?

Wid. Nay, there you miſtake Governor. A good man i' th' City is not call'd after his good deeds, but the known weight of his purſe. One, whoſe name any Uſurer can read without ſpectacles; one that can take up more with two fingers and a thumb upon the Exchange, than the great man at Court can lift with both his hands; one that is good only in Riches, and wears nothing rich about him, but the Gout, or a thumb-Ring with his Grandſirs Sheep-mark, or Grannams butter-print on't, to ſeal Baggs, Acquittances, and Counterpanes. *Ent. Maid, Howdee, with Mask and Fan.*

Anv. A Butter-print?

Wid. I 'twere a cunning Herald could find better Arms for ſome of 'hem; though I have heard Sir *Paul Squelch* proteſt he was a Gentleman, and might quarter a Coat by his Wives ſide. Yet I know he was but a Graſier when he left the Countrey; and my Lord his father whiſtled to a Teem of Horſes (they were his own indeed.) But now he is Right Worſhipful, and I would I had his Neece unſight and unſeen I faith for her monies ſake. You never heard me ask if ſhe were fair or handſom, dee mark that Siſter? my fathers Rule right! And if I be not a true *Widgine* (God forgi' me) I think he was none.

Fit. But ſhe is very fair Brother, and very handſom, and the pretti-eſt innocent Countrey thing withall. Do I want nothing here?

Wid. I now you bring me to Bed Siſter.

Ma. Your Mask ſits well forſooth.

Fit. But where's my Wimple forsooth?

Ma. Upon the Cupboards head, pray *Humphrey* fetch it.

Ex. Howdee.

Wid. He lives not that loves a Countrey thing like me. Alas none loves a Countrey thing like me. And though I am a Cockney, and was never further than *Hammersmith*, I have read the Countrey-mans Common-wealth, and can discourse of Soccage and Tenure, Free-hold, Copy-hold, Lease, Demeans, Fee-simple and Fee-tail, Plowing, Hedging, Diking, Grubbing, occupying any Countrey thing whatsoever, and take as much pleasure in't, as the best Clown born of 'hem all.

Fit. And she is verie young, not above Fifteen, brother. How this Fellow stayes! Go you. *Ex. Ma.*

Anv. And that's a safe age for a Maid in the Countrey; dee hear?

Wid. Pardon me Governor, I do hear, and not hear thee at this time.

Fit. And sings, and speaks so pretty Northernly they say.

Anv. Is she Northern (dee hear) will she not shrink i'the wetting?

Wid. Governor, I know thou spok'st a Jest now, by thy dee hear? but prithee forgive me, I cannot applaud, nor mark thee at this time.

Enter *Howdee with a Wimble.*

Fit. What makes you stay so? I fear you have been among my sweet meats.

How. She said it was upon the Cupboard, and it was under the Cupboard.

Fit. Is this my Wimple? Do you bring Carpenters Tools to dress me withall? *Ent. Maid,*

Ma. Here is your Wimple forsooth.

Fit. I shall teach you to know a difference between Gentlewomans geere, and Carpenters Tools, I shall.

Wid. Nay, she is so vext now! dear Sister, to the Countrey Lass again. You said, she spoke and sung Northernly. I have a great many Southern Songs already; but Northern Ayres nips it dead. *York, York*, for my money.

Fit. Yes brother she is Northern, and speaks so; for she has ever liv'd in the Countrey, till this last Week, her Uncle sent for her up to make her his Child, out of the Bishoprick of *Durham.*

Wid. Bishop, nor Bishoprick shall hold her from me.

Fit. And brother —

Wid. Sister no more, though I have never seen her.

No Bishoprick i'th' Land from me shall win her. If you will go, and clap hands with your Knight, come; I would see you match'd first, because

cause that will add some honour to the *Widgines*, when my self shall be brother to a Lady. I shall write first of that name; and then am I no sooner married, Goernor, but we will set our Travels a foot, to know Countries and Nations, Sects and Factions, Men and Manners, Language and Behaviour.

And so in height of complement grow compleat,
More goes to making of a Man, than meat. *Exeunt.*

Act. II. Sce. II. Enter *Trainewell*, *Constance.*

Tra. Pray tell me, and tell me truly, What is the most has past between you? If it be the main loss of your Maiden-head, it shall nere go further, therefore let me know it.

Con. As I live Mrs. *Trainewell*, all that ere he had o' me, was but a kiss. But I mun tell ye, I wish'd it a thoosand, thoosand till him.

Tra. How often have you seen him?

Con. Feath but that bare eance nother, and your self were by too. Trow ye that Ide not tell ye and 'twere maer. By my Conscience Mrs. *Trainewell* I lee not.

Tra. That once that I saw him with you, your Uncle was there too, in the Orchard, but last Week.

Con. Vary true, mine Uncle was then by too. And he brought Sir *Philip* to see his Orchard. And what did he then do, trow you, but tuke me thus by th' haund, and thus he kust me; he sed I were a deaft Lasse: but there he fein'd. But for my life I could not but think, he war the likest man that I had seen with mine eyne, and could not devaise the thing I had, might be unbeggen by him. Then by and by as he walk'd, he ask'd mine Uncle, gin he would give him me to make a Lady till him. And by my trouth Mrs. *Trainewell*, I lee not, I blush'd and luk'd upon him as I would fain a hed it so: Mine Uncle said yes, and Sir *Philip* shuke my haund, and gude feath my heart joy'd at it. God gin the Priest had been by. But I thought all sure enough, and would not ha' sold my part for the Spanish Ladies Joincture. But streight anon mine Uncle and he fell on other talk, of Lords and Ladies, and many fond like things, I minded not; for I is weell sure, this keept me waking ere sine. And God pardon me what I misthought every hour i' th' Night.

Tra. How have you made me wrong this Gentleman, to challenge him as if he had been your due upon this idle complement? when I undertook the Message, I presum'd (for so your words did intimate to

me) you had been sure, as fast as faith could bind you, man and wife. Where was my discretion? Now I perceive this was but common Courtship, and no assurance of a Marriage-promise.

Con. I wot not what he meant, but I is weell sure, I'le nere be sure to ony man but he. And if he love me not as weell, God pardon him; for I meant him none ill.

Tra. I know not how to counsel or comfort you, until I hear him speak. My man tells me, he appointed him to meet, and bring him to you about this hour. Poor heart I pity thee. Before thou come to half my years, thou wilt forget to love half so trulie. *Ent. Beavis.*

Be. Mistriss.

Tra. O, are you come? where's the Knight?

Be. He stayes below, and will'd me to come up first, to make his passage clear and secure.

Tra. That was discretion.

Be. Rather fear I think; for he ask'd me if the house were not much haunted with Roarers or Swaggerers, poniards and pistols? whether there were not an Assurer for it, as upon the *Exchange*, as if his life were upon hazard? whether a man might come on without loss of Credit, and off without need of a Chyrurgion? Much odd talk he delivers, that in my conceit, bewrayes at once, both a lascivious and cowardly disposition; and upon my understanding, cannot be so generous, or nobly spirited, as he is received. Do what you will.

Tra. I suspect something.

Con. Will he not come Mrs. *Trainewell?*

Tra. Yes sweetheart. But go you to your Chamber, and let me have a word before you see him. Go call him in. Do so sweetheart, I'le not be long.

Con. I'le do ought you bid me. God gin I saw him eance.

Ex. Con.

Act. II. Sce. III. Enter *Anvile*, *Beavis*.

An. A place of fair promising! How have I liv'd that never discover'd this place before? This place Royal! But sought my recreation in By-lanes, and sluttish Corners, unsavoury Allies and Ditch-sides; when here the whole house is perfum'd; an Earl might think it his own Lodging; Ladies might come to see the pictures, and not blush, to go in or out unmask'd.

Be. Sir, Will you speak to my Mistriss? The man is transported sure!

An.

An. I understand thy office leads thee no further, thy pains are abroad and below stairs. Here honest *Fetch*. Look thee, here's the poor price of a new pair of shooes, take it. Descend, and execute thy duty.

Tra. Bless me! this is another man. More abuse yet?

Anv. Now Gentlewoman to you. What fees belong to your Key? Come, where's the Bed? where's the Party? Here's the man, here's the money. Chunk, chunk you old Gamester, dost hear? Here's half a Peece to buy thee Complection, Sack or Aqua-vitæ, what thou lik'st.

Tra. What are you Sir I pray?

Anv. Faith one that's a little ill-given at this time. Where's the Piece? here are the Peeces I tell thee.

Tra. What Piece Sir? If you can imagine what you are, where you are, what you would have, or where you would be, I pray tell me Sir, I'le do the best I can to satisfie you. O' my discretion will I Sir.

An. Give me but a little space to wonder at thy strange demands, and I will tell thee, good *discretion*. If I should purchase a broken Coxcomb, or bruis'd Ribs now, for mistaking another mans habit, the smart were only mine. The Villain swore to me, his Master was sent for, and that his Master swore this was a Bawd to his choice Whore, newly entertain'd; and that she knew not him, and might well mistake me for him. On which presumption I have waded thus far, and if I stick in the mud, or be driven back by a Tempest, I am arm'd. 'Tis not the first time I have been weather-beaten, or dry-beaten, dee hear?

Tra. Sir.

An. You do not know me, or at least not remember me.

Tra. If I erre therein Sir, I hope your pardon. For as you shall reveal your self, I shall either repent me of my oblivion, or accuse you of unadvisedness.

An. She speaks like the Wife of an Orator, that could dictate her Husbands speeches! Were not you this morning at Sir *Philip Luckles's* lodging? spoke not you with him? sent you not for him afterwards to repair hither to the Party? and know you not the man?

Tra. O infinite abuse! Sir I cry you mercy, I hope you will pardon my weak-sightedness; the Worlds bad, and we love to deal securely. Could not your Worship make your self known sooner? Please you to entertain your self here a while, I will instantly provide for your better welcom. O horrible indignity! But if Porters and Cudgels may be had for money, and I fit you not, let me lose my discretion. I am furnish't with Blankets already. — *Ex.* *An.*

An. I will instantly provide for your better welcom! Will you so? 'Twill pass, and by this light I think for my Master-jest; I will recover my charges, and gain over and above for three Returns more with the bare Repetition of it out of one mans Purse, the *Widgine*. My Jests are his nutriment, and my wit is his own, he payes so duly for it. If the Wench be but pleasing now, to my expectation, my felicity is crown'd.

Tra. O Child, we are undone.

Con. Marry, God shield Mrs. *Trainewell*. Is he geane? Must I not see him?

Tra. Alas it is not he, but some Villain sent by him to vex and spite you. One that perswades himself, we are of those common creatures, that sell their honesties.

Con. Heaven bliss us, and give us leave to dee first. Can he be so unkaind, to scorn me so? woe is me.

Tra. He is so dishonourable. But I will fit his Undertaker, what ere he be. Look you, is that he think you?

Con. O weell a near Mrs. *Trainewell!* Sir *Philip* is the likest man that ere you saw dayes o' your life. This Lozel dow not. Nor would he send him. So trim a man cannot have sike bad purpose. *Ent. Beavis.*

Be. Mistriss, there's a Gentleman, one Mr. *Tridewell*, that sayes he is Sir *Philips* Kinsman, will by all means speak with him.

Tra. Sweetheart, can you dissemble your sorrow with a Song, to pass a little time? I'le down and sift out the subtlety of this deceit.

An. There is no Government under the Sun, like the Politick Government of a Bawdy-house.

She sings above.

SONG.

You say my Love is but a Man,
But I can find more odds..
'Twixt him and others then I can,
Find between him and Gods.
He has in's eye
Such Majesty.
His shape is so divine.
That were I owner of the world,
He only should be mine.

An. Sweet prologue to the interlude! *Ent. Beavis.*

Doft

Doſt hear me honeſt Fellow? was this the Parties voice?

Be. Only hers upon my ſincerity Sir.

An. Excellent! She has rais'd my deſire above her Notes. Why am I thus raviſh'd, and not delay'd?

Be. Sir, for that my Miſtriſs craves your pardon. 'Tis not her neglect that works upon your patience, but the neceſſitie to rid a troubleſom Lord or two out of the houſe, before the Party can appear to you. But pleaſe you to obſcure your ſelf in this dark Cloſet, while I convey them hence, and then, inſtantly, the top-gallant of pleaſure ſhall crown your Main-maſt, ſhe ſayes.

An. O how her wit and care revives me! From henceforth ſhe is my Bawd for ever; my *diſcretion!* But are they wholſom Lords *Sirrah*?

Be. 'Tis no matter for any thing they did here Sir, I warrant you. In quickly pray Sir.

An. Muſt I be lock'd in?

Be. You cannot be ſafe elſe Sir.

An. The Politick Government of this little Common-wealth!

Act. II. Sce. IV. Enter *Tridewell, Trainewell.*

Tri. Indeed Lady, I am ſo far from being in any plot herein, that I proteſt it was meerlie by his out-ſide, and that in the doubtful light of the Evening, that I could gueſs 'twas he. And had he been denied, I had gone well ſatisfied, it had been ſome other man; which if it prove, and ſo his name be abus'd. —— Or if it be he indeed, though hitherto my moſt reſpected Coſin, that offers ſuch an outrage, as you deliver it to be; I am ſo much a friend to honeſty, that let me but ſee the man or beaſt, I'le do the fair office of a Gentleman to right you; indeed Ladie I will.

Tra. You profeſs noblie Sir. Firſt will it pleaſe you, ſee this Gentlewoman, ſo much the ſervant of your Kinſman? What ſhe is, I have told you; only I preſent her to your judgment, whether her outward ſeeming may deſerve ſuch ſcorn. *Enter Conſtance.*

Tri. Alas fair Ladie, would they injure you?

Con. Yea feath, and ſcorn me too Sir, ill betide them. But and you do me help, and ma' Sir *Philip* love me, God reward you.

Tri. And has your youth and beautie plac'd your love on him?

Con. Gude feath Sir, I may not ſay how weell I love him: But were I one of neere a mickle, heeſt eene have all. And yet he loves me not.

Tri. Indeed 'tis pitiful, weep not ſweet Ladie, he ſhall love ye.

Con.

Con. Now Gods benison light o' ye for it.

Tri. Shew me the mischief that hath abus'd us all, can you conceal him longer?

Tra. In thus much to conjure you by your Manhood, to do nothing that Law may question, to your, or our disadvantage, we shall not need, For our own Right, to do our selves misdeed. Therefore take this in hand. —— *A Ropes End.*

Tri. You do instruct me well, pray let me see him.

Anvile out of the Closet.

An. Oh for a large window, one of the last Edition, to leap out with half my life or limbs.

Con. Lo ye lo ye, the worst like man to Sir *Philip*, ye saw in all your dayes.

Tri. Mischievous Devil! What magical madness conjur'd you into this shape?
Indeed I'le conjure you out on't.

An. Oh hold, for Heavens sake hold, I'le confess.

Beats him.

Tri. Nay indeed, I'le beat you a little first, you'll confess the better; 'Twill come the easier from you, 'tis a good preparative.

An. Oh! oh, I'le confess any thing.

Tri. No Sir, not anie thing; but the truth, the truth Sir.

An. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth so help me. ——

Tri. You would be swearing now would you? there's for that.

An. No indeed, indeed, and indeed la I will not.

Tra. Good Sir no more. What may this poor thing be, that brav'd it so but now?

Tri. I'le tell you Ladie. The most notorious, base, beaten Rascal about the Town. 'Twere lost breath to say more by him, he is, as you see. Onlie his name is *Anvile*: and they that know him not, call him Captain.

Be. *Anvile?* Pray Sir let me trie my Blade on him too.

Tri. I pray thee do, to save me a labour; for he is not half-beaten yet. *Beavis beats him.*

An. Oh, oh, Ladies, speak for me, ha' you no mercy?

Tra. Hold. No more.

Tri. Well Sir, thank the Ladies. Now Sir, put this Ladies favour here in your pocket, and keep it there till I call for it. And mark what I say, if ever I find thee without this Instrument, or the like, when I shall

shall call for it to beat thee (mark me) indeed I'le beat thee dead. And now to your examination, How got your Rotten Muttonship into this Lions case? Was it by the Owners knowledge? Was the Master of these Cloaths privie to your undertaking? Answer Sirrah, *bona fide*, I or no.

An. No upon my life, onlie his man abus'd me for my monie.

Tri. What presumption made you think so vilelie of these Gentlewomen?

An. Sir *Philips* own words to his man, upon a Letter this Ladie deliver'd to him this morning.

Tri. The Error's found. Her name you say is *Constance*, which likewise is the name of a prostituted Strumper, with whom, 'tis thought, the wantonness of his youth hath held former familiaritie; and now it seems makes doubt, imagining that Letter to be hers, that she pretends a claim to him.

An. Right Sir; which he took so contemptuouslie, that instantlie he resolved to marrie the Widow, Mrs. *Fitchow*; and was this morning married privatelie in a Chamber, within an hour after you saw him.

Con And I undone than.

Tri. And I if it be so.

An. It is undoubtedly true, I saw them married, and dined with them, at his lodging, where they will sup too: But after Supper they go to her house in the Town to Bed.

Tri. This foul mistaking we shall all repent, if we prevent not what may issue from it.

Tra. Alas Sir all will be too late.

Tri. Will you but trust my service for your honour?

Tra. We will wait on you Sir.

Tri. Then Sir for this time you shall be repriv'd,
From further penance: Rise and be our Guide.
But keep your fear still; for if all our Art
Miscarry, thou art sure to share the Smart. *Ex.*

Act. II. Sce. V. Enter *Pate, Howdee.*

Pa. Brother *Humphrey*, take my hand and word for thy instructions. I will acquaint thee with an old Ladies Usher in the *Strand*, that shall give thee thy Gait, thy Postures, thy Language, thy Habit, and thy whole charge in so plain a method, that thou shalt instantly start up as prettie a Gentleman Usher, none disprais'd, as any between Temple-bar and

Charing-cross, marrie further I cannot promise you. But prithee tell me, Is our Ladie of so hot a temper, and statelie carriage, as she is reputed?

Ho. O I Brother, she must command all, or all shall smoke for't. She did so in my old Masters dayes I am sure, and he glad of peace at that Rate too.

Pa. But how is she to her servants, bountiful and free?

Ho. Yes both of her voice and hands.

Pa. She will not strike will she?

Ho. And she could bite as well, the rankest Jade that ere was curried could not come near her.

Pa. Heaven be good to us! she nere struck thee, did she?

Ho. 'Tis no matter for that.

Pa. Nay Brother, you know we have vow'd to be all one, the Marriage hath united us, prithee tell me.

Ho. She broke me a Tooth once with a Deaths-Head-Ring on her finger, it had like to ha' cost me my life! 't has been a true *memento* to me ever since; Bobs o' the Lips, Tweaks by the Nose, Cuffs o' the Ear, and Trenchers at my Head in abundance.

Pa. Will she throw too?

Ho. Anie thing she can lift, and makes us pay for all she breaks, though she break our Heads or Faces withall. Fan-handles, Looking-Glasses, or anie thing.

Pa. We shall have a foul house on't I fear: But since it is too late, fight Dog, fight Bear, I'le turn my Master loose to her. Here they come. By this light methinks they look as if they were fallen out alreadie.

Act. II. Sce. VI. Enter *Luckles, Fitchow, Waiting-woman, Widgine, and Bulfinch. At the other dor Squelch, Nonsense, and Beavis.*

Squ. Though I were absent at the Ceremonie, I now bring my wishes of much joy.

Luc. And not too late I hope Sir *Paul*, we may yet carrie them to Bed with us.

Fit. You had been chieflie Sir invited, had we not stol'n a day from time, to have done a fathers part at Church, to which in your absence, I intreated our worthy friend Mr. *Apprehension Bulfinch* here.

Squ. Mr. *Bulfinch*, I rejoice to meet you here directlie, look you Sir, do you know this young Gentleman?

Bul. Yes sure, methinks I should know him, but I am sure I never saw him before; ha ——

Squ.

Squ. Have you forgot Sir *Hercules?*

Bul. I apprehend him to be Mr. *Salomon Nonſenſe*, Son and Heir to my right worthie friend, Sir *Hercules Nonſenſe* of *Cornwall*. If you be not he Sir, I am ſure it is you; I may be deceiv'd, but I am certain 'tis he.

Luc. He is doubtful, but yet he is ſure he knows him. What a *Bulfinch* is this! ſure 'tis his language they call Bull-ſpeaking.

Non. You ſay verie well Sir; And never credit me as you knew my father, I would be verie readie, as you know how dutie binds; for becauſe it is a uſual thing in theſe dayes, deſiring the love and friendſhip, I proteſt and vow Sir I ſhould.——

Luc. Moſt perfect *Nonſenſe!* This is a finer youth than tother. My wives acquaintance are moſt anſwerable to her Kindred.

Squ. 'Tis ſo directlie Mr. *Bulfinch*, and I have brought him to Town —— I underſtand my Neece is in your houſe, my Ladie Bride. Is ſhe employ'd in your Chamber?

Fit. She is not here Sir, is ſhe *Howdee?*

Ho. Certes no Ma-dam.

Squ. How! not here? Sirrah, what did you tell me?

Be. What ſhall I ſay or do? I ſhall be hang'd directlie.

Squ. How was ſhe accompanied?

Be. By my Miſtriſs Sir, and two Gentlemen of her acquaintance, whoſe names I know not.

Squ. Knaverie, Villanie and Thieverie! I ſmell it rank, ſhe's ſtoln, ſhe's gone directlie.

Wid. 'Tis indirectlie Sir if ſhe be ſtoln; there your word fails you.

Squ. If ſhe be in the Land I will recover her; I hope I ſhall find as much Right in Law, as a Broaker or a Joiner.

Fit. Good Sir *Paul*, I have not ſeen you thus diſtemper'd, what afflicts you?

Squ. Oh Mrs. *Fitchow*, my Neece, my Neece.

Wid. He's mad I think. Sir, you forget my Siſter is a Ladie.

Squ. She's loſt, ſhe's ſtoln, and all my joy is gone, my Neece, my *Conſtance.*

Luc. Conſtance!

Fit. Who your young Neece that came latelie out of the Countrie?

Wid. My *Countrey thing* Siſter, that you promis'd me?

Squ. Promis'd you? I am abus'd, I do ſuſpect you acceſſaries. Sir I have purpos'd and promis'd her to this Gentleman, and here I charge you to reſtore her me.

Wid. Are you the man Sir that must have her?

Non. Never credit me Sir, if I have her, or have her not to my knowledge.

Squ. Sir *Philip*, you are courteous and noble; as you will continue so in opinion of honest men, let me have Right.

Luc. Sir *Paul*, upon my faith I am ignorant of anie such wrong: And, for her part, should she fare amiss, I should suffer in her injurie equallie with your self; for I protest to you, I did love the Lass so well, and at the first sight, that had I not been otherwise allotted, and indeed contracted to her, from whom now there is no starting, she should have been my Bride, if all my love and fortune might have won her.

Fit. Had you spar'd this protestation, Sir, you might have dissembl'd your love to me the better.

Luc. Dissemble? *Fit.* 'Tis said Sir.

Pa. By this hand my Ladie's jealous alreadie.

Ho. Bless us! what looks are these!

Squ. Sir I must take my leave, this is no time to trouble you.

Luc. Nay, good Sir stay, and share in our ill Banquet. Heark, some friend I hope. Look Sirrah. — *Cornets flourish.* *Ex. Pate.*

Fit. Some of your old Companions have brought you a fit of Mirth: But if they enter to make a Tavern of my House, 'Ile add a voice to their consort shall drown all their fidling. What are they?

Ent. Pate.

Pa. Some that come in gentile fashion to present a Mask.

Fit. Lock up the doors, and keep them out. *Ex. Howd.*

Luc. Break them open, and let them in. — *Ex. Pate.*

Fit. Shall I not be Master of my own house?

Luc. Am not I the Master of it and you? — *Ex. Luc.*

Wid. Nay sister. —— *Fit.* Passion of my heart.

Squ. *Bul.* Madam, Madam.

Squ. You must allow of reasonable things.

Bul. Be contented, Sir *Philip* is a noble Gentleman, and a Courtier, and, as I apprehend ———

Wid. I dare warrant you sister these are of his friends, that come with their Loves to congratulate his fortune. Speak Mr. *Non-sense*; A speech of yours would do't.

Non. Never credit me, but I forsooth am of that opinion, that it is as it were. I protest and vow — I should be as sorrie as anie man ---

Wid. If this were to be put into Latine now, which were the principal Verb.

Fit.

Fit. Mr. *Nonsense*, you have prevail'd, you see I am content.
But what I purpose, Fate shall not prevent.

Wid. Did I not tell you? *Ent. Luckles:*

Luc. More lights, and let them enter. Gentlemen, take your places. Sir *Paul*, to Night forget your sorrow. So will I mine, though I renue't to morrow. Come sit sit. Mistriss please you.

Fit. You wrong your honour Sir, your most humble hand-maid.

Wid. Brother, I told you alwayes she had hastie humors, and as unreasonable as heart can wish, but soon over. Now she's as mild as any Dove again.

Luc. Then we are friends, and she's my Dove again.

MUSICK.

The Masquers enter. All in willow Garlands, Four Men, Four Women. The two first pairs are Tridewell *and* Constance, Anvile *and* Trainewell. *Before the Daunce,* Constance *sings this Song.*

SONG.

Nor Love, nor Fate dare I accuse,
For that my Love did me refuse;
But oh mine own unworthiness,
That durst presume so mickle bliss.
It was too much for me to love
A Man, so like the gods above;
An Angels shape, a Saint-like voice,
Are too Divine for Humane choice.

Oh had I wishly giv'n my heart,
For to have lov'd him but in part;
Sought only to enjoy his face,
Or any one peculiar Grace
Of Foot, of Hand, of Lip or Eye,
I might have liv'd where now I dye.
But I presuming all to choose,
Am now condemned all to loose.

At the end of the Daunce, Tridewell *and* Constance *whisper with* Anvile, *each of them giving him a folded paper.*

Luc.

Luc. 'Tis well perform'd. Now we would gladlie know, to whom we owe our thanks.

An. That I'le deliver to you. Mean while the rest desire they may withdraw a while.

Luc. Light, and all fair Respect be given unto them. ——

Exeunt all the Masquers but Anvile.

Squ. The womans voice had much in't like my Neece.

Wid. Your Neece Sir *Paul*, ods me I must go see her.

Luc. Nay Brother, give them all their free pleasures; by your leave you shall stay.

Wid. Shall! shall I? I will then.

An. Now to your patience I disclose my self.

Wid. Whoop! My Governor! Look you sister, look you Sir *Philip*. Did not I alwayes tell you he was the Rarest wit i'the World? This was his own invention, I'le be hang'd else. Sweet Governor the conceit of the Willow, and why thou weares't it?

An. My self, onlie to make the number in the Dance sutable; and so did all the rest to fulfil the fashion, onlie two excepted, that were the Leaders and Subject of the Dance. The one, your Cosin *Tridewell*, who holds himself a lost Lover, in that you Madam, to whom his affection is whollie devoted, have made your self incapable of him, in being the lawful Right of another. This paper shews him more at large.

Luc. Is't possible! Did he for that so earnestlie dissuade me from her this morning?

Fit. I never saw him before this day, nor he me. These are tricks and studied fooleries to abuse me. ——

Tears the Paper.

Luc. Who was the other?

An. She was your fair Neece Sir *Paul*, the most disconsolate beautie that ere I saw, giving her self for ever lost unto your love Sir *Philip*, presuming you once promis'd her Marriage, of which she made a claim this morning by her Nurse, whom you revil'd by name of Bawd, calling fair *Constance* Whore; and to her more despight, hastned your Marriage sooner by a day, than you before intended with this Ladie.

Luc. Constance! May that name in all other Women be accursed beyond themselves; Hell it self could not have vapor'd such an Error forth, as I am lost in. *Constance!* why was that name made hers, that Saint-like Maids, when it brought to my mind a Devils, nay worse, a Whores? to whom before 'twas given.

Bul. Sir *Philip*, and Madam, you apprehend these things as things done,

done, when they are not things indeed, but, as it were, shew and devise, as by the sequele you may at large apprehend.

Squ. I am of your mind Mr. *Bulfinch*. And trust me I am glad my Neece was drawn into the wittie conceit; for which, with a new Gown I'le thank her. *Ent. Pate.*

Luc. Where is she? I will endure no longer till I see her.

Pa. The Masquers are all gone Sir.

Luc. Gone Villain?

Pa. They took their Coaches instantlie, and dispers'd themselves by several wayes. I had no Commission to stay them.

Fit. Are you so sensible of her loss? —— *Ex. Fit. with her Servants.*

Squ. My Neece might notwithstanding her lost love, have tane me home in her Coach.

Luc. You shall have mine Sir *Paul*, and my Companie so far to see her; and whether their presentation were jest or earnest, I will not rest till I be satisfied; my Coach. I'le make no stay Sweet-heart. She's gone.

Wid. Excellent! the Bride's stollen to Bed.

Squ. It should be so, I like the custom well,

Bul. For if you apprehend it rightlie, it expresseth duty in the woman to lie prepared for him; and love in the man, not to be slack to embrace that dutie.

Wid. A prettie Moral! A womans dutie to lie down, and a mans love to get up. One may learn something of these old Fellows everie day.

Squ. Therefore no Coach, no Companie noble Knight. Pursue your home-occasions, and God gi' ye joy.

Luc. Nay Sir *Paul*, I protest. ——

Squ. Not a word more of it directlie.

Wid. Take me with you good Sir *Paul* to see your Neece, I find Mr. *Nonsense* here verie indifferent. And I know 'twill be the greater joy to her, to match but into the familie of Sir *Philip*, of which I am half a Pillar now. Besides, my sister made me half a promise of her in good faith, my Governor's my Witness, and I have lov'd her ever since.

Squ. But you never saw her face.

Wid. No, but I'le be hang'd if I did not love her Visor the best ere while, though I could not tell whose 'twas, nor which was which.

Squ.

Squ. Good Mr. *Water Widgine*, this is no time of Night to dive into businesse of this depth. It is nestling time I take it, how think you Mr. *Bulfinch*?

Bul. I apprehend it to be past Twelve a Clock verie near.

Squ. Therefore what your sister hath promis'd you, let her perform if she can. Mean time this Gentleman is my choice; come Mr. *Nonsense*, you have had a long time of silence. Mr. *Bulfinch.* —

Bul. I apprehend you Sir.

Luc. We'll see you to the Gate by your leave. *Ex. Omnes.*

The End of the Second Act.

Act. III. Sce. I. Enter *Luckles.*

Luc. What has she written here? It is the same hand I read in the morning.

I am not your counterfeit, or unchaste Constance: *But that only* Constance, *that truly love you; and that will, if you live not for me, dye for you.* Oh that I could at anie price or penance now redeem one day! Never was hastie match sooner repented. Enter *Widgine, Anvile.*

Wid. He's melancholie methinks. 'Slid my sister may lie long enough languishing for a Ladiship, if this fit hold him; for she has it not reallie till he go to Bed and dub her.

An. Will not you go to Bed Sir? we wait for your points.

Luc. I will. But is it time? Brother, would you would do me the favour to inquire.

Wid. Yes, I'le go see for the Possets sake. — *Ex.*

Luc. Captain, deal fairlie with me. By what means joined you with this Society? Or how grew so soon your trust or great acquaintance with them?

An. Without offence, I'le tell you. You know this morning at your Lodging, there past some words betwixt me, and your sullen Kinsman, Master — indeed la, *Tridewell*, and from him too much indeed for me, a profest Souldier to bear; but the place protected him. Till after upon mature consideration I made after him for satisfaction, thus arm'd as you see. Purposing with this Ropes end to Right me, and to maintain that Right with this Sword, which I thank *Mars* never yet fail'd me; as it hath well been manifested by the effusion of much unworthie blood of my abusers, in *France*, *Spain*, *Italy*, *Poland*, *Sweden*, *Hungary*, all parts of *Germany*.

Luc. Good Captain travel not so far in your Relation; but come home again to the business. *An.*

An. I have us'dit in some score or two of Sea-fights too by the way.

Luc. But to the matter Captain, where met you my Cosin?

An. The first sight I recover'd of him, was, as he was entring the house of the greasie Knight there, what call you him?

Luc. Sir *Paul Squelch.*

An. *Squelch*, I a pox squelch him, I waited a quarter of an hour at his door for your Kinsman; and longer I would not, had he been Kinsman to the Emperor, and my Enemie. Therefore in I went, told Mr. *Tridewell* in his ear, my coming was to call him forth, to discharge the Office of a Gentleman with his Sword, in answering those wrongs wherewith I held my Reputation wounded. Was it not well, ha? Could a poor Gentleman say more? and that in civil fashion verie privatelie, in respect of the Companie, not shewing anie the least distemper, in look or gesture. But the Women read presentlie in his countenance the whole matter; and briefflie by their prettie perswasion I took ordinarie satisfaction of him.

Luc. What was that Captain?

An. Why he confess'd he wrong'd me, was sorrie for't, and so forth. What should we speak more on't? This you must not speak of neither. You must promise me that o' your honour, as you desire to hear what follows; I love no ripping up old sores.

Luc. Not a word I, Captain upon my word. What a Rascals this! To the point good Captain.

An. Then thus Sir. I soon perceiv'd their drift to appease, and win me to their friendship was for my assistance, and indeed to bear them out in this Nights work, the Mask. The whole plot of all which, was meerlie to sowe dissention between you and your new married Ladie, to work if they can a separation, before carnal copulation, in which if they can prevail, and that the dislike continue between you to that height, that a Divorce be required equallie by the consent of you both, your Marriage then is frustrated, and you stand *in statu quo prius*, dee hear. So your Cosin *Tridewell* may lawfullie pursue his hopes in your Bride, whom he loves as eagerlie as the melancholllie Virgin dotes on you.

Luc. But may this hold good in Law Captain?

An. There's a Canon for it Sir, if both parties agree to a Divorce after Marriage, so it be before Copulation.

Luc. Though the former part of his Discourse was a most egregious lye, yet the last hath some sound of pleasure in it, which I may make use of.

Enter Tridewell.

Tri. Come gi' me the instrument. Shall I never find thee anie where, but thou wilt by just desert exact a beating from me? Hast thou no Conscience? wouldst thou have me lame my self, or melt my grease upon thee? Come Sir, I have over-heard you all, give me the instrument, the instrument I say; indeed I'le have it. So. Now Sir. ——

Luc. Nay Cosin, for the service he hath done you to Night, and love of me, pardon him this time. Besides, his charge is in the house, at whose charge he lives. You will both shame and undo him.

Tri. Well Sir, I shall for this time pardon you, and never beat you more, if before Sir *Philip* here, you will subscribe to this. Tis nothing but a faithful protestation to do reasonable things as I shall appoint, and not to reveal what I shall trust you withall.

An. If you will covenant on your part in defence of my Reputation, to let me Rail at you behind your back, I will subscribe.

Tri. Take your pleasure, I am content. Write Sir.

In what without a Knave we cannot end,
A Knave imploy'd do's the office of a friend.

An. Here Sir, I deliver it as my deed.

Tri. Here, and I deliver you this again to keep. Indeed you shall for performance of Covenants.

Enter Widgine.

Wid. Oh Sir you are defeated, my Sister hath fortified her lodging with locks, bolts, bars and barricadoes.

Luc. To what end Brother? for what cause?

An. I know not whither it be discontent or wilfulness that possesses her; but you are to have no entrance there to Night. That she has sufficientlie sworn.

Tri. Good. *Luc.* How! am I denied? to my wife.

Tri. Pray let me speak with you Sir.

Luc. At large you shall; for though it be my wedding Night, you shall be my Bedfellow. Lights there. Good Night Brother. — *Ex.*

Tri. Good Night Captain. —— *Ex.*

Wid. How now Governor? what has anger'd thee? something troubles thy countenance.

An. Your coming, and the priviledge of this place hath once more preserv'd that unworthie *Tridewell* from the justice of my furie, which should have fallen on him, had he been twind with me by this light.

Wid. By this light, Governor? would you have fought by Candle-light?

An. Sir I dare do't by Day-light, Moon-light, Star-light.

Wid. Owle-light.

An.

An. Anie light under the Sun. And that shall be tride well on *Tridewells* head, dee hear?

Wid. A good Jest! Tride well upon *Tridewell*. He has wit in his anger. But Governor, laying your anger aside, let me be beholden to your wit in atchieving this Northern Lass; thy acquaintance with her must be the means, prithee go lie with me, and help me to dream out some course. Nay, look now thy furie blows so high, thou dost not hear me.

An. Not hear? yes, were I in a Combat as great as ever I my self fought anie, I could both hear, and give counsel. Therefore say unto your self, by the help of your Governor she is your own.

Wid. O man past example! *An.* But dee hear?

Wid. Here, here, thou shalt have anie thing — *gives him money.*

Exeunt.

Act. III. Sce. II. Enter *Squelch, Constance, Nonsense, Trainewell.*

Squ. Come your wayes Huswife, no more of your whinings, and counterfeit tricks. If this Gentleman be not worthie of your love, I am not worthie to be your Uncle, directlie.

Tra. Alas, what means you Sir?

Squ. Accept of him, you accept of me. If you refuse him, you denie me directlie.

Tra. She understands you not a word Sir.

Squ. If you will join hands and faith with him, here's your portion, there's your joincture; if not, your way lies before you, pack directlie.

Tra. Good Sir, consider her disease. If her understanding were direct, you might speak directlie to her: But if I have any discretion, she is too full of melancholie to be purg'd this way.

Squ. What would you have me do? Or how in your discretion would you counsel me?

Tra. Not to be mad Sir, because she is melancholie; not by taking a wrong course for her Recoverie to ruine her, and forfeit your judgment. Do you think, that commands with chidings, threats or stripes, have power to work upon her, when she has neither will nor Reason within her self to do, or not to do anie thing whatsoever.

Squ. Now the gigs up.

Tra. If her health in sense and understanding were perfect, yet as she is woman, her will were first to be wrought upon by fair and gentle treatie. But as she is at this time so sick in mind, that knowledge of

what she is, what she does, especiallie of what she should do is dead in her, her mind must be first recover'd; and that by a due course, in soft and temperate proceedings; to which, fit time, as well as means, must be allowed. Moreover ——

Squ. Oh, no moreovers I beseech you, nor more of her at this time. I understand your purpose alreadie, I do directlie. Therefore speedilie take what course, and use what means shall in your discretion be thought fit. I will subscribe, I will directlie subscribe to your discretion. My Wife, when she went out of the World, left me as great a curse behind her, in the charge she gave me with this Woman, this quick-sighted guide of my house, a blind one were better.

Tra. You should first see, if it pleased you, how her affection may be wrought upon by the Gentlemans own fair intreatie. Pray Sir speak to her like a Sutor, look upon him Sweetheart; this Gentleman loves you: Pray speak Sir, Do you not?

Non. Never credit me prettie Gentlewoman ——

Con. Nor will I, fear it not; nor anie man that sayes he loves me: For alas, I was too latelie scorn'd.

Non. You are a Lass indeed, I protest and vow, and such a one, as I would be verie sorrie to appear anie way, or in the least degree, as it were please you to understand me; for I'le be sworn there is not in the World.

Con. Truth in swearing, less in promising.

Non. If you will believe me Ladie.

Con. Nor ne man for your sake.

Non. There is not in the World I say ——

Con. I say so too Sir, What was't I pray.

Non. There is not in the World anie Gentlewoman ——

Con. Tell that no further; for we are all too gentle lessen men were less cruel.

Tra. Hear him speak *Constance*.

Con. You shall hear me sing first by your leave.

Tra. Poor heart.

Squ. Here's wise work! direct Lunacie and Ideotism. Bless my house from the Ward Masters Informers.

Con. Pray sir, are you sir *Philip*?

Tra. Say you are.

Non. Yes Ladie, I am sir *Philip*.

Con. But you are none of my Sparrow. Your mouth's not wide enough for your words.

Tra.

Tra. She has stop'd his mouth there.

Con. His words would soften Adamantine ears. And looks would melt a marble heart to tears. O wea is me!

Tra. Nay, you must not weep Sweet-heart.

Con. What mun I do than? Shall I ever get him by singing trow ye? In troth I would never but sing, if I thought that were the gaineſt way.

Tra. I had rather hear you sing though, than see you weep.

Con. It must be of my Love than, my Sparrow, as I told you. And thus it goes.

SONG.

A bonny bonny Bird I had,
A Bird that was my Marrow:
A Bird whose pastime made me glad,
And Philip *'twas my Sparrow.*
A pretty Play-fere: Chirp it would,
And hop, and fly to fist,
Keep cut, as 'twere a Usurers Gold,
And bill me when I list.
Philip, Philip, Philip *it cryes,*
But he is fled, and my joy dyes.
But were my Philip *com'd again,*
I would not change my Love
For Juno's *Bird with gaudy train,*
Nor yet for Venus *Dove.*
Nay, would my Philip *come again,*
I would not change my state,
For his great Name sakes wealth of Spain,
To be anothers Mate.
Philip, Philip, *&c.*

No, no, you cannot be the man; I know him right weell by you sir, as wily as you be. Gin you had all his trim geere upon you, and all his sweets about you, yet I should not be so fond to mistake a Jennie Howlet for a Tassel Gentle. Ah, ah, ha.

Tra. Why Love, what fault do you find in this Gentleman?

Con. Feath, but eene eane. That he is not sir *Philip*; for thus would he do; thus would he kiss his hand; and thus ta' me by mine: Thus would he look, and set his eye on mine; and give me leave to see my self in's eyen. 'Twas the best glass introth that ere I saw, I nere look-

look weell fine, nor ere shall I me sure, until I see me there again. *sing*

But he is geane, alas hee's geane, and all too late I sorrow:
For I shall never be well again, till yesterday be to morrow.

God you good Even sir. —— *Ex.*

Tra. Follow her sir.

Squ. And put her to't sir, and out of this humor. I'le add the tother five hundred to her portion, and you bring her about handsomlie. O when I was a Batchelor! I think I can do somewhat yet in my old dayes: But when I was a Batchelor, how I could have handled this geere.

Non. Never credit me sir, if you will believe me, but ——

Squ. I do believe you sir sufficientlie good Mr. *Nonsense*, no more of your impertinent speeches. But follow her, and put her to't I say, to't directlie; take her into the Orchard; 'twas there she fell in love they say; it may be the place is omenous. *Ex. Non.*

Tra. Sir, there will be no way for her Recoverie, but to remove her Lodging, and have some good Physitians about her.

Squ. Where you please, and use whose help you please, she is your own; dispose of her freelie, as I will of what is mine, I'le take a new course of life directlie. Let me see, she is lost, past Recoverie. Say I should marrie, I might yet have an Heir of mine own.

Tra. Yes, but of whose getting sir?

Squ. There might rise a fearful question.

Tra. Think not of it sir. A man of your years and gravitie, with the respect the World gives you for your place and worship in the Common-wealth, together with the Riches you have pil'd up in a mountainous estate; to cast all down with your self and fortune, at the foot of a stranger! Think what would be thought of you, if such a dotage should posse. you.

Squ. She's falling into a tedious Lecture.

Tra. Pray how was Mr. *Sparkledirt* talk'd on tother day for doing such a trick? yet he was held a wise Lawyer. You see a fair example in the late marriage of Sir *Philip Lackier*, and his *Fitchow*, a match of your own making, and cause of your Neeces, and your own misfortune.

Squ. No more I beseech you.

Tra. There's tugging for a Maslerie, and buffetting for the breeches. He barks at her, she snaps at him; she breaks his Wine-glass, he her Looking-glass; she puts away his servants, he turns away hers; she locks her Chamber-door, he bolts his, begetting nothing but a World of strife and disorder. *Squ.*

Squ. I pray shut up that point, I will not marrie: No directlie I will not, though the truth is my purpose; was to have cast my self and fortune whollie upon you, if it might have seem'd well in your discretion, umh umh.

Tra. I pray stay a little sir, take me along with you.

Squ. Not a step further, this way by your leave. I think I have puzzel'd her discretion.

Tra. Understand me sir. As I would not have you fall rashlie upon anie thing, no more would I have you flie suddenlie from anie purpose, without advice and sober deliberation. If you should marrie one that would be a comfortable Nurse unto you, as (though I say't) you partlie know ——

Squ. Say you nothing, for I do know nothing, nor I will know nothing more of this matter directlie; for if ever I marrie, let me suffer all that the Law provides for Perjurie; let me be crope and slit worse than a French Curtal, or a Parliamental Delinquent for blaspheming the Blood-Royal. No, I will now bestow my wealth in Monumental good deeds, and charitable uses in my life-time, to be talked well on when I am dead.

Tra. Yes, build Almes-Houses and Hospitals for Beggars, and provide in *Bridewell*, and houses of Correction for your friends and kindred. Pray give enough to *Bedlam*, you may feel some part of that benefit your self before you die, if these fits hold you.

Squ. She would have do me no good with that I have neither. Let me consider, the most I have to say directlie hath not been verie well gotten. Were it not a point of good Conscience, to spend that prodigallie, and save a lewd Heir the sin? And that which I have got well and honestlie, hath been with much care and travel; were it not then a point of equitie to my self, to spend that with ease and pleasure? 'Tis done directlie, what I have is mine own, and I will be merrie with it. Within there ho?

Tra. What's the toy now? *Ent. Clerk.*

Squ. Sirrah, Take there Twenty Peeces. Bestow it all presentlie in choicest meats, and richest wines for my Supper; this one Nights Supper directlie. What I have is mine own, and I will be merry with it.

Tra. Cle. Bless us!

Squ. Six brace of Partriches, and six Pheasants in a Dish. Godwits, Knots, Quails, and the rest of the meats answerable for half a score, or a dozen persons of the best Qualitie, whom I will think of presentlie.

Cle.

Cle. Brain of a down-right Justice! What means my Master, to leap out of Thirtie shillings a Week house-keeping, into Twentie pounds a Supper? I may sell my Clerks place, for sure he means to thrust himself out of the Commission. He can be no Justice long, if this humor hold: Who shall be the Guests Trot?

Squ. I have it directlie. You shall go to the Ordinaries, and from thence invite such young Gallants as you find to be Gamesters. I mean of the highest cut.

Tra. Men that you do not know sir?

Squ. I directlie, if they know me, or have heard of me, 'tis sufficient, we shall be soon acquainted. Bring not a man with anie paid for gold Lase or Scarlet about him, I charge you, nor without a protection in his pocket.

Tra. You run a great hazard in this sir. You may perhaps be cheated of all you have, if I have anie discretion.

Squ. And much good do't their good hearts. What I have is mine own, and I will be merrie with it directlie. You have put me by one or two courses, but not all your discretion shall beat me out of this. If you take some care in the business, and huswife the entertainment to make it brave for my credit, you may get a Gown or a Jewel by it. If not ——

Tra. Sir I'le obey you. If he be mad, I will not be foolish, but strike in for a share. And for your Guests sir, let me alone, my man is best acquainted at the Ordinaries.

Squ. Why now you speak.

Tra. Within there, *Beavis?* But in troth sir, I doubt whither anie such Guests will come, you have alwayes been so strict and terrible in your Iustitiarie courses. *Ent. Beavis.*

Squ. Let him say mine eyes are opened, and their vertue is revealed unto me. And if anie of the youngsters have Mistresses, let 'hem bring 'hem. They shall have Musick; what I have is mine own, and I will be merrie with it. My flesh, though not in the way of marriage, requires some satisfaction too. Where might a man in all this plentiful Town, find a choice piece directlie that he might make his own? onlie his own? A verie hard question. And custom has made it almost an unreasonable one, though it were in ones own Wife. In a Citizens or Tradesmans wife, a man must suffer the Rivalship of a slovenlie Husband, the stink of his Horns ever under ones Nose. A cast Ladie, or Gentlewoman of courtlie acquaintance, to maintain her, is to feed a Fountain, that wasts it self through manie Spowts; what I supplie her with,

with, will be drawn out by twentie ; all her friends must share of m, prodigalitie. To train up an innocens Countrey Girle, is like hatching a Cuckoe ; as soon as she is Ripe, and sees the World afore her, she flies at her advantage, and leaves me dead i' the Nest. How now. *Enter Clerk.*

Cle. Sir, here's a Delinquent brought before your Worship to be examined, a Gentlewoman sir.

Squ. Who brings her ?

Cle. *Vexhem* the Constable sir.

Squ. Look on his feet, sure 'tis the Devil in his likeness ; that old Bawd knowing how it stood with me, has brought me one of his *succuba* Art. Sure 'tis *Vexhem ?*

Cle. Sure sir ? The Devil himself knows him not better than I know him from the Devil. I am sure he has been in fee with me these nine yeats, almost ever since he was Constable ; and has brought more profit to my Desk, than all the honest Officers in the Counties of your Commission sir. Oh he's a Rare Fellow, he'll tickle a Whore in Coany.

Squ. You know my mind, I will in and handle this geere in privitie. *Ent. Squ. Const.*

Tra. *Beavis*, You understand me, prithee go discreetlie about it.

Be. Pray let me see a little of this first.

Nov. If I put her to't, or ever offer to put anie Woman to't again, never credit me ; let me never be trusted, I protest and vow Gentlewoman she has us'd me ——

Tra. Verie ill favouredlie methinks.

Be. Ha' you put her to't sir.

Nov. I cannot put her to't, nor she will not be put to't. *Sing.*

Con. *I wo' not go to't, nor I mun not go to't,*
For love, nor yet for fee,
For I am a Maid, and will be a Maid,
And a good one till I dye.
Her mine intent, I could repent, for ane mans company.

But you are not he Sir. If you be, you are wondrouslie chang'd. I am sure his parts were not written on his forehead. God pardon him.

Nov. If mine be, you can best read 'hem, 'tis your own hand-writing.

Be. She has done a cure on him, he spoke sense now. Alas Sir, that a fair hand should make such blots ! what hand is it ? Secretarie, Ro-

man, Court or Text? I have not seen the like; 'tis all dominical letters, red ink, his face is like an Almanack of all Holydayes.

Tra. Sure 'tis Stenographie, everie Character a word; and here and there one for a whole sentence.

Be. Here's one might serve for a whole Historie. The life and death of *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones.*

Non. I see I am not such an Ass, I would I might never stir but I am —— Where's Sir *Paul*? if I do not tell him ——

Tra. What did you to provoke her thus?

Non. Nothing but what I can answer in a sort dee see me as well as —— never gi' me credit I had warrant under his hand.

Be. How sir? *Non.* By word of mouth sir.

Be. That's above hand by your leave.

Tra. Is it so? Good Sir, his meaning was, you should put her fairlie on like a Lover, with sweet speeches, and gentle behaviour.

Non. She understands nothing that I can speak.

Be. Nor anie bodie elst I think.

Tra. And therefore you fell to expres your self in rude action. She has serv'd you but well, you are a fine putter to't indeed. *Sing.*

Con. *Mun toon Mun toon, Muntarara Muntararararo,*
And ever I sigh and cry alack for Philips *love I dye.*

Just so did our Deyry Maid at home serve my Ladie *Fiddets* Butler, and there I learnt it. But when she had so done, what did she then do? Bestow'd a pennieworth of *Unguentum Album*, and it made him whole presentlie. Good Mrs. *Trainewell* send to your Pothecarie for some, 'twill make him weell e'ne now.

Tra. I sweetheart; but first you shall go in the Coach with me to the Doctors.

Con. I know I am not weell too. But I'le have no Doctor but Sir *Philip.*

Tra. It shall be Sir *Philip* (poor soul) all must be Sir *Philip.* You shall lie at his house.

Con. But not with him by my faith, and your leave, in't we be married.

Prithee *Beavis* gar him wash his face, he'll scare some bodies Barns else. —— *Ex. with Tra.*

Be. I'le throw him into the Dock rather than he shall succeed *Jack O' Dandy.* Come sir, all shall be well again, fear not.

Non. I thank you sir.

Act. III. Sce. III. Enter *Luckles* and *Tridewell.*

Luc. Cosin, I understand you at full; and am glad that occasion hath pointed out a probabilitie to lead me out of this labyrinth, and you to your desired end.

Tri. Follow but the way you are in Sir, and you shall arrive at your own wishes.

Luc. She has put me into't her self too.

Tri. By sequestring her self from you the first Night.

Luc. For which Cosin, if I take not occasion to keep my self from her, all nights, dayes, and times hereafter, may the act of our bodies beget prodigious monsters, and nothing else.

Tri. A fearful vow! look to't. And I warrant she sues for the Divorce first.

Luc. May we prove but as certain as you are confident in our other project, for recalling *Constance* to her self, and thee then to her, these fetters being shaken off, may they prove golden ones to you, I shall not envie you.

Tri. For her take no thought Sir. The interest I have in her Turrets, with the work I have fashion'd upon my Anvile, shall bring all to your wish. I expect to hear from him instantlie.

Luc. I'le freelie resign your wish to you, and add half I have to augment her Estate to you. Oh I tremble to think on her; her presence shakes the house like an earthquake; the outrage of Prentices is not so terrible to a Bawd or a Cutpurse, as her voice is to me. Yet to you she may be calm as the breath of friendship, and mild as the midnight whispers of chaste love.

Tri. Sir, I profess my affect on flies eagerlie at her; she takes me deeplie, however you have mistaken one another. Oh here comes my *Anvile!* Methinks his verie countenance invites me to strike him, though I know he does me good service now. *Ent. Anvile.*

An. 'Tis done sir, I warrant she's plac'd, successfullie, dee hear?

Tri. How prithee?

An. I have sent her before his Worship by a Constable.

Luc. Who has he sent? before whose Worship?

Tri. You shall know all, he has sent your cast Whore before sir *Paul*

Luc. The mysterie, Gentlemen?

Tri. The success shall unfold it in good time to your and my benefit? doubt not, if she but follow her instructions.

Luc. Nay, if she be not Mistris of her Art, there is no deceit among Tradesmen, no briberie among Officers, no bankrupt out of Ludgate, nor whore out of Bridewell.

An. And if I ha' not fitted her with a second, my friend *Vexhem*, the Constable, then say there is no wit among Knaves, no want among Scholars, no rest in the Grave, nor unquietness in Marriage, dee hear?

Luc. Of which here comes the truest testimonie.

Enter *Fitchow*, *Pate*, *Widgine*, *Howdee*.

Fit. Out of my doors thou Miscreant.

Wid. Nay sister. O Governor, art here?

Fit. Avoid my house, and that presentlie, I'le claw your skin off after your Liverie else, and make you so much nakeder than time makes all other serving creatures.

Luc. Do you talk of turning away my man? you shall give me leave to turn away your *Howdee* first, and then put off my, God a mercie, how dost thou?

Fit. Am I jeer'd? flowted to my face? Is this fit usage for a wife?

Luc. A Wife? a Witch.

Fit. A Husband? a Hangman. *Luc.* Out Puss.

Tri. Nay Sir, indeed the fault is yours most extreamlie now, Pray sir forbear to strain beyond a womans patience.

Fit. Am I scorn'd and revil'd? *Luc.* Ah, ha, ha.

Fit. Made a propertie for laughter? *Luc.* A ha, ha.

Fit. Have I no friend, no servant to command? *Luc.* Ah, ha, ha.

Fit. Has my Ladiship made me so lamentable a thing, that I have lost the power of a Mistris? You sir, run and call some friends to succour me, or I'le thrattle you.

Luc. Stir but a foot sirrah, or utter but a sillable, and I'le cut your thrattle-pipe.

Ho. I shall be carv'd out betwixt them.

Fit. What will become of me? you Woodcock, Ninnihammer.

Wid. Have you forgot my name sister? would not *Widgine* become your mouth as well? forget your natural brothers name?

Fit. Can you call me sister, and see me abus'd thus?

Wid. *Foutre* for sisters; I am not to meddle with another mans wife, I am about one for my self; you mention'd her first to me: But I must be beholden to others wits and means to compass her; or else——

Luc. Do as I bid you, or——

Ho. O sir, she'll rend me in pieces, tear me like a Lark.

Luc. Dost thou fear her or me? Do't, or I——

Ho. Sir, there's Mr. *Walter* can sing it Ratelie. *Luc.*

Luc. So he shall sir, and so will all; but you must put us in. Begin.

Ho. *Hey down down, &c.* *sing.*

Wid. Sister, wife, and all, is a present nothing to this. Come round Gentlemen; keep her but off, and let me alone.

They all take hands, and dance round. Widgine *in the midst sings this* Song. *They all bear the burden, while she scolds and strives to be amongst them.* Tridewell *holds her off.*

Wid. *He that marries a Scold, a Scold,* Song.
He has most cause to be merry,
For when she's in her fits, he may cherish his wits,
By singing hey down derry.

All. —— *Hey down down derry down down down, &c.* Ent. *Bulfinch.*

Bul. I cry you mercie Gallants, I apprehend you would be private.

Luc. O no Mr. *Bulfinch*, you shall make one of our Councel.

Bul. I apprehend Gentlemen you are merrilie dispos'd, in good sadness.

Wid. Apprehend a fools head, Come into play.

All. I, I in with him, and about again.
They pull him into the Round.

Wid. *He that marries a merry Lass,*
He has most cause to be sad:
For let her go free in her merry tricks, she
Will work his Patience mad.
But he that marries a Scold, a Scold, &c.
He that weds with a Roaring Girle,
That will both scratch and bite;
Though he study all day to make her away,
Will be glad to please her at night.
And he that copes with a sullen Wench,
That scarce will speak at all,
Her doggedness more than a Scold or a Whore,
Will perpetrate his Gall.
All. *Hey down down, &c.*
He that's match'd with a Turtle Dove,
That has no spleen about her,
Shall waste so much life in the love of his Wife,
He were better be without her.
But he that marries a Scold, a Scold, &c.

Fit. O scorn upon scorn, torment upon torment. Let me rather be buried alive, than bear this. *She gets loose.*

Slaves,

Slaves, Rascals, get ye all out of my doors. By vertue of my nails, I charge ye. I'le not leave an eye or a nose amongst ye. *Flies upon all. How. Wid. Bul. Anv.* O Lord, O Lord.

Luc. Come bouncing after my Boyes. *Ex. singing.*

Fit. Oh how am I wrong'd. *Ex. Omnes, prater Fit. Tri. Bul.*

Bul. Sure I did apprehend this mirth, as right as could be possible the wrong way.

Tri. Madam, I see too much of your vexation, and indeed I suffer too much with you. As I am a Gentleman, I will give you right friendlie counsel, if you will hear me.

Fit. Sir I have perceiv'd humanitie in you, and do love it in you. But I know not what to do, nor whom to hear. I am fallen into the pit of Bondage, and will take any course for my Redemption. Oh Mr. *Bulfinch.*

Tri. This will make to my purpose.

Fit. Sir I am wrong'd beyond expression. This Gentleman is an eye-witness of my sufferings. Pray come in Sir, I will hear your counsel, together with this Gentlemans advice.

Bul. Madam, your case is in my apprehension most desperate, yet full of comfort, in regard you seek advice and counsel. Mine is ever readie, and more fortunate oftentimes than judicious. For I do nothing but upon good Reason and deliberation.

The End of the third Act.

Act. IV. Scen. I. Enter *Squelch, Holdup, Vexhem.*

Vex. Sir I beseech your Worship, deal not so severelie with me.

Squ. Sirrah I will teach you how to deal with dealers, and not with vertuous Gentlewomen; bring *Innocency* before *Justice*, and be able to lay nothing to her charge.

Vex. Indeed Sir, the Captain inform'd me of her, and said he would be here readie to accuse her. Good Sir.

Squ. Most officious Sir, What Warrant had you? None. What is the Captains name? you know not. Where's his lodging? you are ignorant. But here was your cunning, it appears most plainlie, that you thinking her to be one of the Trade, thought to make a prey of her purse; which since your affrightment, could not make her open unto you, you thought to make her Innocencie smart for't. I will make your Knaverie smart for't directlie. Come is the *Mittimus* readie? give me't—— *Writes and Seals it.* Ent. *Clerk.*

Vex.

Vex. Good your Worship, hold your hand, for my poor families sake.

Squ. Here take him forth, and let the next Constable convey him to *Newgate.*

Vex. Sir, 'tis the first time that ever I offended in this kind. I pray your Worship be of a better mind towards me.

Squ. Away I say directlie. As I am in my right mind and *Middlesex*, I will shew my Justice on thee.

Vex. Ah, ha, ha.

Squ. Do's the Knave laugh? Bring him back. May a man ask the cause of your mirth?

Vex. Sir I have laught at the vexation of a thousand in my dayes. I hope I may have leave once in my life to laugh at mine own.

Squ. Oh is it so? Pray hold you merrie Sir.

Vex. Ah, ha, ha, ha —— *Ex.*

Squ. Now Ladie, whereas you were brought before me as a Delinquent, I retain you as my Mistris. I like her beyond measure. A prettie young thing! new brought to a pace! Ah, ha! She has committed a little Countrie follie, as she privatelie confesses. What's that? It may stand in Rank with that they call vertue here, and then she is content to live as privatelie as I please. She shall up, I will winter and summer her before she shall see a High-way of this Town. She's for my turn directlie. Mrs. *Holdup*, is your name say you?

Hold. Camitha Holdup sir, a poor Gentlewoman. My father bore the office of a Commissioner for the Peace in the West-countrie, till misfortune wrought his Estate out of his hands.

Squ. Holdup! I have heard of him, and know what 'twas that sunk him. He liv'd by the Sea-side, 'twas trading with the Pyrats. Buying their Goods, and selling them Victuals.

Hold! 'Tis too true sir. He paid so dearlie for't at last, that I have no more but my bare breeding, and what I bear about me to live upon.

Squ. Which is enough, enough directlie; if you can bear your self discreetlie, and contain your self within those bounds of fortune, in which I'le plant you. Alas good soul, weep not; let monie and authoritie be thy comfort; by which thou shalt feel no want, nor fear no danger. But to our business; I have alreadie acquainted you with my Neece *Constances* disease, and that she is remov'd out of my house for her health. I will lodge you at a trustie Tenants house where she is unknown. You shall take her name upon you.

Hold. Which is mine own alreadie.

Squ.

Squ. And if you can but a little counterfeit her melancholie, you may freelie pass for her; and my accesses to thee, my sweet Girle, shall crown us with fulnes of delight and pleasure.

Hold. Sir, you have most worthilie made me your own, and all my studie shall be to obey you.

Squ. Now had I but a fit Attendant for the person of my Love.

Hold. Some simple honest bodie sir.

Squ. Then we were fitted. How now. *Ent. Clerk.*

Cle. My Ladie *Luckles*'s man desires to speak with you.

Squ. Stand you by unseen a while. Send him in. I do expect some message now, in the behalf of her unluckie Ladiships wise brother, Mr. *Widgine*, touching my Neece. Now friend how does my good Ladie?

Enter Howdee.

Ho. I left her verie ill sir; for she has beaten me, and thrust me out of doors with her own hands, without pennie in my purse, or other Cloak o' my back, than the bare Livorie, that a cast Serving-man cannot shake off, of Knave and Beggar.

Squ. Thou leftest her verie ill indeed. But well, thou wouldst have me be a means to re-establish thee in thy Ladie.

Ho. In her service sir.

Squ. I speak by a figure *Humphrey*; for to be inward with, or indeed within a Mistris, is to be a servant in the most Courtlie phrase.

Ho. I sir. Those are convenient servants sir. We are covenant servants. They are respected above Husbands: We abased beneath Slaves. They purchase place, honours, and offices, oftentimes with their Ladies monies, when we find not our wages without hard words, and are in fear (poor snakes) to have our sloughs pulled over our ears before the year go about. We drudge for our Ladies, they play with their Ladies: But the best is, we labour and sweat it out for our Ladies, when they are fain to take physick, and lie in for their Ladies.

Squ. Most intelligent *Humphrey*. Let us retire to the purpose. Put case I have a Mistris in store for you, to whom I may commend you upon my own credit, and undertake for your entertainment and means by my own purse. What would you say? what would you do?

Ho. Sir, I will lay over the Gent. Ushers Grammar to you, and do her service by the Rules. *Squ.* Well said directlie.

Squ. Incipe Humfride. Say your part.

Ho. In a Gentleman Usher there be eight parts. Boldnes, Neatnes, Flatterie and Secresie, rewarded. Diligence, Obedience, Truth and Honestie, unrewarded.

Squ. What is his Boldnes?

Ho.

Ho. His Boldnes is the use of his Manhood in right of his Ladies honour, degree, place or priviledge, at home, abroad, in private or publick meeting, for the hand, for the wall, for the what she will, for the what she calls.

Squ. How is it rewarded?

Ho. By obtaining of Sutes made out of cast Gowns or Petticoats. Which if he be a Taylor, as most of our middle sort of Professors are, he is thereby made a man in spight of the Proverb, and thrust into the High-way of advancement.

Squ. *Perge Humphrey.* His Neatnes now?

Ho. His Neatnes consists most diversly sir. Not only in the decent wearing of those cloaths and clean linnen, pruning his hair, ruffling his boots, or ordering his shoos-tyes; these are poor expressions, a Journey-man Barber will do't. But to do his office neatly, his garb, his pace, his postures, his comes on, and his comes off, his complements, his visits.

Squ. His Howdees.

Ho. In which a profound judgment would be pusel'd.

Squ. I believe thee.

Ho. And the most absolute or artificial memorie set o'the Rack. To be able to Relate how this Ladies tooth does, and tother Ladies too. How this Ladies Milk does, and how tothers Doctor lik'd her last water. How this Ladies Husband, and how tother Ladies Dog slept last Night. How this Child, that Monkey, this Nurse, that Parrat, and a thousand such. Then his neatnes in Chamber-work, or about the person of his Ladie, in case her maid or woman be otherwise occupied, to convey a Pin into her Ruff neatly, or add a help to her Head-dressing, as well as *John among the Maids.* Lastly, His dexteritie in carving, and his discretion in marshalling of meats; to give everie mess the due service, and everie dish his lawful preheminence.

Squ. And how is this neatnes rewarded *Humphrey*?

Hum. Doublie sir, at board and at bed; by good bits, and the love of the Chambermaid.

Squ. Well *Humphrey*, because we will not make this Scene too long, we will omit the rest; onlie why are your last four parts, Diligence, Obedience, Truth and Honestie unrewarded?

Ho. Sir, They are parts that spring out of vertue, and are therefore born with their Reward in their mouths, and ought to expect no further from anie service in these times.

Squ. Most edifying *Humphrey*, I have a Mistris in store for thee.

Ho. I long to see her sir.

Squ. Didst thou never see my Neece *Constance?*

Ho. No sir. But I have heard she is diseas'd with melancholie, and if she should prove mad too, like my old Ladie, I were then as far to seek as ere I was.

Squ. Fear it not *Humphrey.* My warrant ease thy care. Neece come forth. [*Enter Holdup.*] I shall fit you with a servant. Fall to your postures *Humphrey.* Your Garb. [*He does his postures.*] So. Your Pace. So. Your Congie. So. Hand your Ladie. Good. Arm your Ladie. Good still. Side your Ladie. Verie good. Draw out your Ladie. Excellent. Present your Ladie. Singular well, good *Humphrey.*

Ho. Sir, I can shoulder my Ladie too; but that is when she takes Coach; and foot my Ladie, when she alights.

Squ. Precious *Humphrey*, I admire thy Art.

Ho. I learnt all of a good old Ladies man in the *Strand* sir, that must be nameless.

Squ. Now *Humphrey*, walk your Ladie to the Burse.

Ho. O most hosterlie spoken! under correction sir, wait your Ladie I pray sir.

Squ. Well said *Humphrey.* Here's some thing for my instruction. Now wait your Ladie to the Burse. She has some trifles to buy there. I will find you there presentlie, and conduct you to your lodging.

Gives her money.

Hold. What shall I do with all this sir? I would indeed but buy an ounce or two of Thread, some Nitting Pins and Needles, and a frame to flourish my work on. Hereafter I will work in gold and silver, if you please, for your own wearing.

Squ. As I would wish! her simplicitie takes me above her beautie. Go I say, I'le follow. Methinks I een feel my self, thank my self for being in this good humor. What I have is mine own, and I will be merrie with it directlie. —— *Ex.*

Act. IV. Sce. II. Enter *Fitch. Trid. Bulf. Widg. Anv.*

Fit. Gentlemen, you now know the calamitie I suffer under. And you have shew'd me the best way to comfort, for which I thank you. I have given you my Resolution for a Divorce, upon condition. Before which, I must promise you nothing sir. But I assure you in the mean time, you stand prime in my affection; for I have in all found you a right worthie Gentleman.

Tri.

Tri. Madam, I have not utterance to declare my acceptance of your love. It must therefore be lock'd up in my breast, the treasure of my heart. Now for the condition upon which your Divorce depends, we must see that perform'd, and then ——

Fit. Sir, I will make good more than I now may promise.

Tri. You speak Noblie.

Fit. It relishes a little too much of womanlie wilfulness I confess. But all my wilfulness (that I'le promise you sir) shall die in the end of this business.

Tri. Well then, before your discreet Neighbour Mr. *Bulfinch* here. If you have not your will in this, I will disclaim in your favour hereafter. Sir, the condition is (as you may remember ——

Bul. I apprehend it sir. That sir *Paul Squelch* his Neece be first married or contracted, and then she consents to a Divorce: And that you be assistant to her Brother here to obtain her for him.

Tri. To which I promise my readie help, o lie I must not appear in the business.

Bul. I will onlie appear in it, for I will not be seen in the matter.

Tri. As how sir?

Bul. As thus sir. I will keep your counsel; not onlie in holding my peace to all the World, but in saying nothing to sir *Paul* himself; Dee apprehend me sir?

Tri. And thank you sir. Now everie man to his part Mr. *Widgine*, You have both your sisters and my best directions alreadie, which I doubt not but with the help of your Governor you will make good use of. Madam will you in, and but wish well to our proceedings, and trouble your thoughts no further. *Ex. severally.*

An. Sir, what help he has of me, is for the Ladies and his own sake, not yours, dee hear?

Wid. No blustring now good Governor: Prithee restrain thy furie. Thou canst never hear nor speak to that Gentw. with anie patience, and yet he is on our side now. Prithee let's lose no time. I never long'd more for my mothers coming from a Christning, than to be at this Northern Lass. —— *Ex.*

Act. IV. Sce. III. Enter *Tridewell*, *Trainewell*, *Holdup*.

Tri. Wanton you have begun propitiously: Proceed but confidentlie, and I'le warrant thee a wealthie Husband by it, or a composition that may prove thee better purchase.

Hol. Sir, be you and this Ladie but as confident of my fidelitie, and truſt me in this action, and if I break not the toyles your Kinſman is in, and make you Miſtris of my intereſt in ſir *Paul*, let all the good you intended me, be a lockram Coife, a blew Gown, a Wheel, and a clean Whip. You are ſure the Ladie will yield to a Divorce, if *Conſtance*, whom I now perſonate, be firſt married or contracted.

Tri. Right. She does but hold off till then, and that wilfullie; becauſe ſhe fears it is for *Conſtances* love onlie, that her Husband deſires the Divorce.

Hol. And you are ſure that *Conſtance* is ſafe from her diſcoverie.

Tra. I upon the hazard of my diſcretion.

Hol. To anie then that knows her not verie well, if I appear not the ſame *Conſtance* —— you have given me her Character right?

Tra. The beſt that we can poſſiblie.

Hol. Nay, I have a further help then, you both imagine yet.

Tri. Tra. May we know it?

Hol. It ſhall be no ſecret. My ſervant *Howdee*, whom you and ſir *Paul* ſuppoſe his Ladie turn'd away, was by her Ladiſhip taught onlie to feign it; and cunninglie inſtructed to work himſelf into the ſervice of *Conſtance*, to further her brothers proceedings. And ſince fortune has put him upon me, whom he takes to be the ſame Miſtris, if I make not apt uſe of it. ——

Tri. 'Tis moſt fairlie omenous. Come Ladie, he cannot but be at hand, and our ſtay may do hurt. (You remember the Doctors lodging I told you of, and ſir *Philips* appointment to meet you there an houre hence.

Tra. All ſir I would uſe no other. She is there alreadie. *Ex.*

Tri. No more then, away. Fare you well ſweet creature. *Ex.*

Hol. If my deceit now ſhould be diſcovered, before my work be ended, my brain-tricks might perhaps, inſtead of all theſe fair hopes, purchaſe me the laſh; 'ſore *Venus* my fleſh een trembles to think on't. It brings likewiſe into my conſideration, the baſeneſs of my condition; how much unpitied the puniſhment of a Whore is, and how ſuddenlie it overtakes her! my joint Conſpirators are in no danger. I only run the hazard, though they are as deep in fact as my ſelf. Well, if I ſcape this pull, and draw anie fortune by't, I'le change my function ſure. A common Whore? I'le be a Nun rather. They come moſt fitlie, and I muſt into my fit. —— *Withdraws behind the hangings.*

All.

Act. IV. Sce. IV. Enter *Widgine*, *Anvile*, *Howdie*.

How. Indeed sir it was my Ladies plot, but you must take no notice of it.

Wid. I'le thank her with all my heart, and she shall never know on't.

How. But if sir *Paul*, my now Master, should discover my deceit, how shall I scape his vengeance?

An. What dost thou think of me, weak fellow? Am not I a Commander, ha?

How. I, in the War Captain; but he is a Justice of Peace, and a Commander of Captains in *Middlesex*, sends two or three drunken ones to *Newgate* at a clap sometimes.

Wid. Fear no discoverie *Humphrey*. Let me but see her, and I'le warrant thee.

How. She'll see none but sir *Philip*, you must be no bodie else. Remember that: you must know no other name you have. Now if you can sir *Philip* it handsomlie, there's it.

Wid. I warrant thee, and my Governor shall sir *Philip* me at everie word; and if I do not sir *Philip* her, better than ever she was *Philip* in her life, then say I am no Legitimate *Widgine*.

Hol. 'Tis past your strength or reach either by fortie I believe. I doubt your middle finger is too short Mr. *Widgine*.

How. Well, I must venture it. Here she comes. *Has a Baby.*

Wid. What's she doing. Ods me! making a Baby I think. Are you good at that ifaith? I'le be at that sport with you, it shall cost me a fall else.

How. Oh she has a hundred such apish toyes. Een now she was great with Child forsooth as she could go. And was perswaded she had a Child as big as I in her belli:. I wondred at it, and she told me she had had a hundred there as big in her dayes.

Wid. What, what?

How. I but she knew not what I said. By and by, I must be a Man-Midwife forsooth, and deliver her; for 'twas past a Womans skill. Now she thinks she is brought a Bed, and Nurses the Child her self.

Wid. And who's the father?

How. O none but sir *Philip*.

Wid. I'le father it as well as he. Is't a Boy or Girle trow? Would she would make a Christning Banquet while we are here. Heark, she sings. *Song.*

Peace

Peace wayward Barn; O ceaſe thy mone:
Thy far more wayward Daddy's gone:
And never will recalled be
By cryes of either thee, or me:
For ſhould we cry,
until we dye,
We could not ſcant his cruelty.
Ballow, Ballow, &c.
He needs might in himſelf foreſee,
What thou ſucceſſively might'ſt be;
And could he then (though me forego)
His Infant leave, ere he did know,
How like the Dad
would be the Lad,
In time, to make fond Maidens glad?
Ballow, Ballow, &c.

Wid. How is this prettie Mrs. *Conſtance*, that you complain of your Love before he be loſt?

Hol. Who be you I pray?

Wid. Pray thee tell her Governor, I ha' not the heart to lye now.

An. It is ſir *Philip* Ladie, come to do you Right. Dee hear?

Hol. Yes ſir, I hear you vary weell; and could een with i' my heart I could believe you. *An.* Speak your ſelf ſir.

Wid. You may Mrs. *Conſtance*; for as I am an honeſt man, I never meant to wrong you.

Hol. I do believe you ſir. But pray proteſt no more by that name, till you make your ſelf ſuch by marrying me. You have getten a Barn by me, I is ſure o' that.

Wid. I come for the ſame purpoſe Sweet-heart. I'le both father and keep thy Child, and make thee an honeſt Woman. Give me your hand before this Gentleman, and your ſervant here; and ſay but the word, I'le get a Licence preſentlie, fetch you away, and diſpatch you to Night. *Sing.*

Hol. *Marry me, marry me, quoth the bonny Laſs; and when will you begin.*

Wid. *As for thy Wedding Laſs we'l do well enough, in Sight o' the beſt o' thy Kin.*

Hol. I can but thank you, obey you, and pray for you ſir.

Wid. Governor, Wilt thou believe me? It een pities my heart, to wrong ſo ſweet a piece of ſimplicitie. But fortune has dreſt her for me to feed on, and I'le fall to

An.

An. Or the Devil to choak you. Well boystrous Mr. *Tridewell*, your Ropes end hath driven me into a business, here deserves a whole Rope. But I hope that *Destiny* attends not me, though this Marriage be his: And since it is his Fate, fair befall it him, I am discharg'd.

Wid. Come Governor, we are agreed; let's go that we may hye us again, and dispatch.

Hol. Nay sir. You shall not say you married me for nought, you shall hear me sing before you go.

An. What an Owsel 'tis! she means he shall marrie her for a Song. Birladie a competent modern portion. *Song.*

Hol. *As I was gathering* April's *flowers,*
He streight let fall one of his showers;
Which drave me to an Arbor.
'Twere better I my Lap had fill'd,
Although the wet my Cloaths had spil'd,
Then to ha' found that harbor;
For there a subtile Serpent was;
Close lying, lurking in the Grass,
And there while harmless thinking I,
Still watching when the showre would dye,
Lay listning to a Bird,
That singing sate upon the Bower,
Her Notes unto the falling showre,
the Snake beneath me stir'd;
And with his sting gave me a Clap,
That swole my Belly, not my Lap.

Wid. By my troth 'tis prettie.

Hol. And by my Conscience 'tis true, 'twere made i' *Durham*, on a Lass of my bigness. *An.* And in thy Cloaths I believe.

Hol. But will you be gan now, than all my joy leaves me.

Wid. Sweet soul, thou shalt have thy joy again. I will joy thee, enjoy thee, and over joy thee. Governor, let us flie about this business. I will not sleep, before I have got a License, stoln her away, wedded her, bedded her, and put her in her wits again.

An. Are you able to do that think you?

Wid. I'le warrant thee; for all Maids are mad till they be married.

An. What say you to that Ladie? Pox on you, I run a sweet hazard to advance your fortune, do I not?

Hol. Remember your Covenant with Mr. *Tridewell* Captain. And when the work is done here's my hand, you shall partake of what I get by't. And heark you.'

Wid.

Wid. She may perhaps when she comes to her self, and finds me to be no sir *Philip*, be a little startled. But I mean the first Night to put so much of my own love into her, as shall work out his I doubt not, or anie his that came there before me. *Enter Howdee.*

How. O Gentlemen! my Masters coming, all's spoil'd if he take you. Part quicklie.

Hol. Is mine Uncle com'd? and mun we part than?

An. Kiss and part, kiss and part.

Wid. Sweetheart, not a word of me till I come to fetch you off with honour.

Hol. All benisons be with you. Indeed you be the goodliest man, that ere made Maiden fain.

Wid. Poor heart she dotes. I do not know how much I am in debt to my Conscience, till I have made her amends. — *Ex.*

Hol. This may breed good blood. If I come but as well off o' my old Uncle, as am like to come on with my young Cosin, here will be a match unlook'd for; a match without treat'e; a match untalk'd or unheard of. He is coming before I have shifted my face. Methinks I hear the rustling of his bristles hither. Yet my lips must stand the assault; pray love the Porcupine, leave none of his Quills in 'hem.

Act. IV. Sce. V. Enter *Squelch* to *Holdup.*

Squ. Where's my Girle? my honey sweet Girle? Kiss me; Kiss I say directlie: I'le secure thee. As I am a man of Authoritie, and that of *Middlesex*, I'le secure thee. Ha my Lass, these lips have the true *Elixir* in 'hem indeed, to restore youth and strength; past all *Medeas* charms, or what the Poets would have feign'd. How now! weeps my Love? I hope my Neeces habit has not wrought her disease into thee.

Hol. No: now I see you sir, I am well, perfectlie well; yet pardon me sir. Your absence cannot but breed me fears, when I have leasure to think on my unworthie condition, and the danger I undergo in't.

Squ. 'Twas a thousand pities that this Wench was seduc'd. She might have made a Wife for a good Esquire. She would serve a Tradesman yet most unblemishablie. And when I have done with her, doing that for her, as I mean to do. She may perhaps match with a younger Brother, purchase him a place, advance his fortune, to be able in the end to repay her with a Ladiship. 'Tis not without a President, and I will help her to follow the example directlie. For what I have is mine own,

ownsand I will be merrie with it. Ha my Bird, my Chick! Kiſs me. Kiſs me up. So. Kiſs me up I ſay. So again. Thou haſt don't directlie, Maintain it now with a cordial kiſs. So,ſo,ſo. Good. Verie good; and while it is ſo, a word with you in private. Come my Bird, mh mh mh. *Enter Howdee.*

How. Sir, there's a Woman below. —

Squ. Sir, What have I to do with anie Woman below? Do you with your Woman below, I am verie well here.

How. Is the old man mad trow? Sir, ſhe will have to do with you above, if you ſpeak not with her below. I had much ado to keep her down ſtairs,her caſe is ſo lamentable ſhe ſayes. I never ſaw a Woman ſo importunate im my life ſir. You muſt down ſir.

Squ. I am down alreadie. All's naught. What limb of the Devil is't? Doſt thou know her?

How. She ſayes ſhe is Wife to a Conſtable ſir, that you latelie committed; and if your Worſhip does not Releaſe him preſentlie,that he's undone, and ſhe's undone, all their children are undone, that unborn in her bellie is undone, and I know not how manie more are undone for ever.

Squ. Hell take her. How could ſhe know that I was here?

How. She ſpied you in the ſtreet ſir, and followed you, and follow you ſhe would, had you gone into the Privie Chamber ſhe ſwears; her cauſe enforces her ſhe ſayes. And ſhe is ſo great with Child too, that no man dares give her a thruſt to keep her back. I hear her blow up ſtairs.

Squ. Keep her down, I'le follow thee. — *Exit How.*

Hol. Good ſir be pitiful for the Womans ſake, and releaſe him. Perhaps her Reckoning is out, and ſhe has no bodie to call the Midwife.

Squ. I muſt home to my Clerk then; for I cannot write here, nor do anie good beſides I am ſo vex'd. But I will return to thee in the Evening, Duck: And ſince I am ſo apt to be ſpied, I will come diſguis'd.

Hol. Indeed I'le put out the Candle when you are here then, for I ſhall never endure to ſee other ſhape of man. O theſe Trunk hoſe are a comelie wearing.

Squ. I will be diſguis'd directlie. I will run through all the ſhapes of *Jupiter*, before I will again be prevented. Farewell, O my ſweet! At Seven in the Evening expect me. — *Exit.*

Hol. Sweet ſay'ſt thou? Thou art not I'le ſwear. I am glad he was prevented. I ſhould never held out a courſe with him,that cannot endure a breathing; a Cheeſe-ſhop on fire cannot out-ſtink him. *Ex. How.*

How. Your Uncle's gone Mistris, and sayes he will be here at seven a Clock again. But shall I tell you a fine thing Mistris?

Hol. Yea marrie *Humphrey*, what may that be, and 'tis not of sir *Philip*.

How. But it is of him Mistris. He sayes he will bring a Coach for you at six a Clock to fetch you away; will you go with him?

Hol. By my saule that will I an't be all the World over.

How. How shall your Uncle find you at seven then?

Hol. We'll leave him at six and sevens. I mean betwixt both. 'Twill be trim trust me. And hear'st thou me *Humphrey*? Thou must bid Mrs. *Trainewell* come to me a little before six, for a verie good Reason.

How. Humh ——

Hol. Nay, it shall hinder nothing. Wee'll away the faster.

How. I think she be in her wits alreadie. If not, I must humour her, though I be put to the trouble to shift her away again. She shall marre no sport that's certain.

Hol. Come with me *Humphrey*, thou shalt go een now, and tell her; and I'le be packing up the while. — *Ex.*

How. This clinches. I shall win my Ladies heart for ever. To manage two such businesses more, were enough to raise me Agent for a State. *Exe.* *The End of the Fourth Act.*

Act. V. Sce. I. Enter *Pate* in a Doctors Habit, *Train. Const.*

Pa. To discourse a tedious Lecture unto you, Ladie, in speaking Philosophicallie of the disease of melancholie, were to shew more learning than discretion. There are large Volumes of it in Print, to verie slender purpose.

Tra. Sir, I desire rather your discretion, than the gloss of learning. I am rather govern'd by the wholesom effects of the one, than the smooth directions of the other.

Pa. To the point then Ladie. I see no Reason why I should vex and torment this delicate and tender bodie, with physick. Her disease is melancholie; the cause of this disease I have found apparantlie in the two hours probation since you left her with me, to be love, which she hath so greedilie taken in, that it hath overwhelm'd her spirits, and turn'd the faculties of all her senses into a rude confusion, sending forth the use of them extravagantlie.

Tra. Sir, I must not onlie approve, but applaud your skill. 'Tis love indeed; and I am right glad that your opinion jumps with my own know-

knowledge; for now I doubt not of your speedie address to the cure.

Pa. 'Tis done in three words. The partie that she loves, must be the Doctor, the Medicine, and the cure.

Tra. Sir, the Gentleman is below, he came with me, onlie I would not bring him to her sight without your approbation, fearing it might do hurt.

Pa. Pray call him up, on peril of my judgment. *Ex. Tray.* Give me your hand Mrs. *Constance*, I have good news for you.

Con. 'Tis a long whayle sine I heard ony.

Pa. The Gentleman, whom you love best, shall be your Bedfellow.

Con. He is wed alreadie Sir. Another wife would gar him be put down at Gallows; and I would not be she for all the worldlie good that ere I saw with both mine eyen. And o' my Conscience I'le be none of his Ligby for twice so mickle.

Pa. She prattles verie prettilie methinks. Married alreadie? Sure *Cupid* shot you with a forked Arrow out of his Crosbow. But what will you say Ladie, if by my Art I render this Gentleman unmarried again, and a Sutor unto you presentlie?

Con. Marrie shall I tell you what I'le say sir? That deserves hanging worse than tother matter, you would poyson his wife by your Art, wo'd ye? and make your Gown there the Hangmans fee the second time? It looks as it had been once his alreadie, and you like such a Doctor I mun tell ye, by your leave. God bliss me fro thee. Mrs. *Trainewell*, where are you?

Pa. Out of her wits say they? I fear she is wiser than all of us, that have to do with her. She knows my Gown better than I do; for I have had but two hours acquaintance with it. 'Tis no longer since I hir'd it of the Hangmans Merchant a Broker. It might ha' been *Lopus* Gown for ought I know.

Act. V. Sce. II. Enter *Trainewell* and *Luckles* to them.

Tra. They are faln out I think.

Con. O Mrs. *Trainewell*, for dear charities sake ha' me soon fro' this man: for I'le nere take onie thing at him. He talks of poysoning.

Pa. By my faith you wrong me: Nor of anie poysoning purpose. I was but putting a case of ——

Con. Pray put up your pipes sir. I like not your musick: troth not his countenance nather. Sweet Mrs. *Trainewell* gar me be shut him. Now all the joyes of Immortalitie light o' ye sir. *To Luckles.*

Pa. Is that the Gent?

Tra. Yes sir. Pray observe. But how fell you out sir?

Pa. I must first salute him by your favour. Sir, all the accumulations of honour showre down upon you.

Luc. Sir, May you reap the whole harvest of your fruitful wishes.

Con. Dear sir, keep further fro' him.

Pa. But one word sweet Ladie, and you shall have the whole benefit of his presence to your self.

Tra. Be not afraid sweet-heart, he dares not hurt sir *Philip*.

Con. In troth he breaths too near him.

Tra. I'le warrant you. What has he done to move her thus? I know not what this obscure Doctor is. But M. *Tridewell* put me upon him; and his approved honestie has and must kill all mistrust in me.

Pa. Your Coach is readie at door you say.

Luc. Yes my most delicate Doctor.

Pa. As you find her then, after a few words away with her. I have perform'd my part sir. I'le hold the discreet Governess in talk in the next Room. *Con.* But one word call ye this?

Pa. I ha' done sweet soul. Ladie I have instructed the Gent. shall we leave them?

Tra. One wo'd by your leave first M. Doctor, and I'le attend you. Sir, not alone my Discretion, but my Reputation lies at stake; and I make no doubt of your Nobleness upon your Kinsmans word, my Complotter in this business. Therefore while I hold argument with the Doctor (who shall by no means perceive our deceit) slip you away with her in your Coach, where M. *Tridewell* hath appointed till the Evening; and let me alone to scuffle with the old man the while. And then I doubt not all our troublesom labors shall have a peaceable end. I'le send old Mad-cap to your Ladie in a Thunder-clap. But noble sir, your Reputation. —

Luc. My life and honour be her guard, and your securitie.

Tra. No more sir. I'le lay no conjurations upon so noble a spirit. Come Master Doctor — *Soft Musick.* *Ex. Tra. Pat.*

Luc. But do you love me *Constance*? *Con.* O right weell sir.

Luc. And will you be my woman?

Con. I is sure, I'le never be mine own else.

Luc. But will you not go away with me now, if I request you?

Con. Anie whither but to Bed before we be married.

Luc. What from yout Governess, your Uncle, and all the world?

Con. And thank you too sir. And ta' me but fro' this ill looking Doctor; for I shall be weel with you sir.

Luc.

Luc. Come, since you trust me so well, we two will not part till we are lawfullie made one.

Con. Heaven bliss the hour you speak in, and all Saints be witnesses. *Ex.*

Act. V. Sce. III. Enter *Squelch*, meeting *Trainewell*, and *Pate*. *Musick continues.*

Squ. Where's this Doctor? where's this melancholie Gentlewoman?

Tra. O me is he come? *Pa.* Is this her Uncle?

Tra. Even he sir. Where's my charge; Mrs. *Constance*?

Pa. Save ye sir. I'le go find her — *Ex.*

Squ. Where's my charge? I'le go find her. What's the meaning?

Tra. She was here but now sir, while the musick plaid. And we withdrew our selves, thinking she might sleep sir.

Squ. There went a Coach away as I came in. Whose was it?

Tra. A Coach sir? Alas *I* am afraid, my flesh trembles.

Squ. At what in your great Master the Devils name? Where's my Neece?

Tra. Sir, here came in one Mr. *Widgine*, the Ladie *Luckles's* Brother. —— *Squ.* Well.

Tra. As acquainted with the Doctor sir. —— *Squ.* Well, well.

Tra. And he saw her sir. But seem'd to depart, when we withdrew our selves to talk about the cure.

Squ. Verie verie well. While you were wiselie talking about the cure, a *Widgine* flies away with the Patient. Where's this Doctor? Doctor *I* say, Doctor! He's run away too, my life on't. A meer Plot, a Conspiracie; 'tis so directlie, below there. I cannot see how it can be otherwise. [*Enter Clerk.*] Saw you the Doctor? Yes sir, he went now forth at the Water-gate, and took Boat in haste.

Squ. Exceeding well! How came your Discretion acquainted with this Doctor? *Tra.* Sir, he was reported to me by verie good judgments, to be a Rare Practitioner. *Squ.* A most Rare Fellow, and does admirable tricks, by slight of heels. But I may perhaps out-run 'hem — *Ex.*

Tra. My Purge works as I wisht. I am amus'd though at the flight of the Doctor. But I have too manie businesses to entertain new thoughts. *Ex.*

Act. V. Sce. IV. Enter *Tridewell*, *Fitchow*.

Fit. May I believe it, good sir? may I be so happie, that my brother has her?

Tri.

Tri. As I have truth in me, I am most crediblie told so. Marrie the worst is, her Uncle is so mad at their escape, that he will never give consent to the match, whereby her portion will be less.

Fit. Hang him Clod. My will shall be a portion sufficient to my brother, I care not, though he give her not a pennie, so *Wat* has the wench.

Tri. Make you no more doubt of that, than I do Madam, who have upon the Report of it alreadie, prepar'd the learned of the Civil Law, those that you nominated of your good acquaintance, and are forward to do you the best office, who have appointed to meet before the Judge of the Archdeacons Court presentlie, whither I have promised to bring, and will attend you.

Fit. But the other side must be summon'd by Process.

Tri. Sir *Philip* hath warning alreadie Madam; and without needless Process will be there before you, and wait your coming. So that my self and his servant, who have never been both absent from one of your companies, since your Marriage, justlie deposing you never did the realleast Rite of Marriage, the Bed-office, Madam; you both consenting, and desiring a Divorce. It is instantlie granted, without anie proceedings in Law. So that all will be ended in three whispers. Ods pitie, look who here is.

Act. V. Sce. V. Enter *Squelch* to *Fitchow.*

Squ. O are you here my Ladie *Luckless?*

Fit. 'Twas time you found me sir; you might ha' mistaken my name else. For within this hour, I might have resum'd the ancient title of your friend, and *Awdery Fitchow.*

Squ. Show wow, where is my Neece?

Fit. Where are your wits sir? you come upon me indeed! What Neece? What's the matter?

Squ. My Neece *Constance*, that your brother *Widgine* stole from the Doctor, and is flown away withall. But he must not think to scape so; I may take him, and his Duck too, in my Decoy, before they be coupled, as sure as your Ladiship, or your *Fitchow*-ship, and they think your selves.

Fit. Sure the old Gentleman is fallen mad. What hath happen'd?

Squ. The plot smells of your Ladiships police; your Ladiships lillie white fist is foul in the business. But I will have about at fisticuffs in Law with your Ladiship; your great acquaintance and alliance in the Whatshical Court *Non obstante.* Your power there must not carrie it, my great Ladie. Directlie it must not.

Fit. You are an uncivil greasie Companion, to upbraid and revile me thus in my own house.

Tri.

Tri. O good Madam, hurt not your ſelf with anger, better laugh it our.

Fit. He makes me forget my ſelf by his example. Sir, you are a Commiſſioner for the Peace I take it. Does it become a man of your place and gravitie, to flie out in theſe extreams? You ſpend too much breath in theſe loud Notes, verie hurtful to the Lungs. If you will fall into a lower Key, and ſpeak peaceablie, I will anſwer you.

Squ. I pray you forſooth, or ſweet Madam, or what you pleaſe, Where is my Neece?

Fit. Will you believe me ſir? you may: For 'tis truth, as I have anie; And before this worthie Gentleman, I never ſaw your Neece in my life; onlie I have heard ſhe is a prettie Gentlewoman, likelie to make a good match, for which I told my brother of her, and would have treated with you for her, could I have ſpoken with you as I wiſh'd by two or three meſſages. But whither my brother has got her, or where he or ſhe is, of my own knowledge, I cannot ſay directlie.

Squ. She mocks me to my face all this while. Well good-wife, Miſtriſs, Madam —— *Fit.* Well my Lord Innekeepers ſecond Son: Does your Provender prick you?

Squ. Prick Madam! I tell thee thou Thing, made up of Chippings, broken Bear, Candle-ends, and ſifting of Sea-cole.

Fit. Out you Currie-comb.

Tri. Forbear ſweet Ladie, let him be mad by himſelf.

Squ. I will be ſo reveng'd —— *Fit.* How pray?

Squ. He had been better to have kill'd a man, raviſh'd a Virgin; nay, done the moſt dangerous contempt that law could deviſe to puniſh, then if I take him to ſuffer under my Revenge. *Fit.* Ha, ha, ha.

Squ. I'le muſter up my Conſtables, and ſend out a privie ſearch immediatelie. —— *Ex. Tri.* What think you of your brothers ſucceſs, now Madam? *Fit.* Much the better, that it vexes him ſo: Scirvy foul mouth'd Fellow.

Tri. Look you now Madam. See who here comes.

Act. V. Sce. VI. Enter *Widgine, Holdup, Howdie.*

Wid. Siſter fall down, and adore me for my great atchievement. *Humphrey* kneel down to her that ſhe may dub thee for thy ſervice. Never did the beſt nos'd Dogs, that ever were Coach'd for their goodneſs, hunt more trulie, take more bravelie, and carrie away more cleanlie, than we have done this daintie piece of fleſh here. Siſter kiſs her, and be better acquainted; ſhe is mine own fleſh, I'le uphold it.

Tri. She is a *Holdup* her ſelf, if I miſtake not her name. *Fit.*

Fit. Being your flesh brother, her neareſt affinitie of blood runs in my veins. Therefore with a ſiſters love I embrace you, and bid you welcom.

Hol. Mine Uncle will by right wood I fear me. But I'le near greet for that ſir, while I have your love.

Fit. I know it is ſhe by her tongue, though I never heard her before. Nor ever fear ſweet ſiſter, we ſhall be all friends ſhortlie.

Hol. I would be glad and 'twere ſo.

Wid. Siſter come hither. Now hear and admire my wit, as well as my fortune. *Humphrey* come and take thy ſhare of my ſiſters wonder.

How. I hope I perform'd my dutie.

Wid. Which we muſt not ſee unrewarded ſiſter.

Fit. No: I mean to give him my Maid, and a hundred Marks with her, beſides all ſhe has about her.

How. I am made for ever: I thank your languiſhing Ladiſhip.

Fit. Well ſaid *Howdee*: for my Ladiſhip is een at the laſt gaſp. I am to be Divorc'd within this half hour. But your proceedings brother? How did ſhe receive you at firſt?

Wid. O at firſt, ſhe was the prettileſt mad that ere you ſaw. You your ſelf cannot deviſe to be ſo mad as ſhe was. *Fit.* I thank you ſir.

Wid. And all for ſir *Philip*, ſhe would love none but ſir *Philip*, ſpeak to none but ſir *Philip*. I told her I was ſir *Philip* (ah Godamercie *Humphrey*, that was thy invention.) Then the little Viper hung upon me, not to be ſhak'd off, till I promis'd her Marriage, and to father a Child, which, in her diſtraction, ſhe conceited ſhe had by me. I promis'd her anie thing, ſo took her into an inner Room, to make all ſure, as well within as without; and I ſo phillipt her. ——

Fit. Enough brother, no more, I underſtand you.

Wid. But I muſt have more, and ſhall never have enough on't. It paſſeth your underſtanding and mine too, the delight of it. [*Sing*] *Oh what a delight ſhe gave me.* And how light I am after it. *Heigh.* My prettie ſweet Raſcal. *Fit.* Enough I ſay.

Wid. You do not love to hear on't, becauſe you lack it. But you ſhall hear the miracle it wrought Siſter. The loſs of her Maiden-head recover'd her wits. I made her right and ſtrait in an inſtant. And now ſhe loves me in my own perſon; knows me for a *Widgine*, and will not give her *Wat* for the beſt ſir *Philip* of them all. And longs for nothing but the Prieſt and Bed-time. Ha my ſweeter and ſweeter! My Governor's gone for a Licence. *Fit.* So, ha' you done now? *Wid.* I'le undertake ——

Fit. Yet again. *Wid.* That *Humphrey*, and I with the tricks and trinkets we have about us, will cure all the mad Maids of her ſtanding

in

in the Town. And do not think, but much may be gotten to profess it.

Tri. You have made a large Relation Mr. *Widgine*, and a pleasant, I doubt not *Wid.* Oh I could live and dye in this discourse sir.

Tri. Ladie do you think of the time?

Tri. I will instantlie along with you. *Howdee* come you with me. Brother, the search hath past this house alreadie. You may go in with your Sweetheart, and stay here safelie. Go in, and keep close, till I send to meet me at Supper.

Wid. In and in sister, and be close enough, fear not —— *Ex.*

Fit. Now sit when you please. *Tri.* I am your servant Ladie. —— *Ex.*

Act. V. Sce. VII. Enter *Trainewell* and *Vexhem.*

Vex. Mistris, I will go no further in this business, than you have limited me in your directions: 'twill be Revenge enough for my disgrace to make him see his Error.

Tra. Therefore be discreet and secret, The disguise he is in I have told you. The place is this. At the door you shall leave me. The hour 7 a clock.

Vex. Mistris, I will not watch more trulie at midnight, than I will pray for you for this discoverie. I will instantlie call my privie search, guard, and catch a bird, of justice in the lime-twigs of his own Warrant.—— *Ex.*

Act. V. Sce. VIII. Enter *Nonsense* and *Beavis.*

Non. I tit not speak with sir *Paul* then, it seems, to know the Reason why I am fubdoodled thus. In I protest and vow a kind of fools Paradise.

Be. Good sir bear your injurie with a mans patience. Sir *Paul* will not be long absent. And till he comes, my Mistris entreats you (for your own good) to take his part upon you, in giving entertainment to divers of his friends, who are invited hither to a Feast to Night.

Non. Ha' you anie Whitpots?

Be. Much better meat sir. But here's the strangeness of it, and the onlie occasion that requires your aid in the entertainment. This great Supper or Feast (as I may properlie call it) was appointed by sir *Paul* himself, the money to buy the provision deliver'd by his own hand, to his own servant, the guests of his own election; yet he, out of the multiplicitie of crosse affairs, that have hapned this day, hath quite forgot that there was anie such preparation, or anie such meeting intended, as appears evidentlie by his absence. But my Mistris has got all the meat privatelie made readie at the next house, on purpose that he should see nothing. —

Non. To trie if he would forget it or no?

Be. Right sir, I have bidden all the guests, and expect them immediatelie. *Non.* But what must I say to 'hem?

Be. Onlie salute 'hem, bid 'hem welcome; Tell 'hem sir *Paul* was hastilie call'd forth on his Majesties Affairs; entreat their patience till his Return, which you know will be verie sudden, although you know not where he is; and so forth, as occasion serves. *Enter Bailiffs and Clerk.*

Bai. Your Master abroad, and not within say you?

Cle. Yes. But good sir stay his coming, I pray you, for his good.

Bai. I partlie apprehend you at full. *Mrs. Tradewell* appointed me to come too with all possible speed. M. *Nonsense* you are well apprehended.

Non. Onlie salute 'hem, bid 'hem welcome. Tell 'hem sir *Paul* was hastilie call'd forth on his Majesties Affairs; Entreat their patience till his Return, which you know will be verie sudden, although you know not where he is, and so forth, as occasion serves.

Bai. Love has made you a Courtier, M. *Nonsense.*

Neb. No I protest and vow, I do but speak as they say. —— *Be.* What have you said sir? *Non.* What you said I have an ill *verbum* else.

Be. I said but the meaning of what you should say, and put it in your own words. *Non.* No sir, I will take your own words for this matter.

Be. I am beholden to you. *Cle.* I am glad fortune has sent one man of Civil Government before the Roarers come. Here comes some of 'hem already, I'le down and look to the rest of the house.

Enter *Luckles*, *Constance*, disguis'd and masqu'd.

Luc. Save you sir. Are you the Worshipful of the house?

Bai. I apprehend you sir. —— *Luc.* How sir? —— *Draw.*

Bai. Mistake me not I beseech you, I apprehend you to be some great stranger here, because you know the place better than the Master of it.

Luc. You do not mock me sir? *Be.* Sir, This is one of the guests.

Non. Onlie salute 'hem, bid 'hem welcome. —— *Luc.* What's this?

Non. Tell 'hem sir *Paul* was hastilie call'd forth on his Majesties Affairs. —— *Luc.* Is this a Parrat or a Popingay?

Non. Entreat their patience till his Return, which you know.

Luc. Do you know what you say sir? *Non.* Will be verie sudden, although you know not where he is. ——

Luc. If I did, I would not seek him here sir. *Non.* And so forth, as occasion serves. *Luc.* This is some inchanted place, and the people are charm'd. I have mistaken the house sure.

Enter *Tridewell* and *Firebow*, disguis'd and masqu'd.

Tri. Where's this hospitable Knight that invites strangers. I mean meer

meet strangers, that he knows not. Shew me the Land of bounty, I hunger not for his Supper, as I do to salute him.

Luc. He will prove the greatest stranger here himself, I think, for he is not at home sir, I am a guest as you are, and would be as glad to see him. *Tri.* He does not mean to jear us, does he?

Be. I beseech you mistake not so his purpose sir, which is fair welcom, and good Chear to you all. Therefore Gentlemen and Ladies, will it please you to entertain one another a while. [Enter *Clerk* with Sack and Tobacco.] Look ye, here's good Sack, and good Tobacco. And before the rest of the guests be come, sir *Paul* will be here himself.

Luc. This fellow speaks.

Enter *Anvile*, *Widgine*, *Holdup*, and *Howdie*, disguis'd.

Bul. As I am a Justice of Peace I cannot apprehend, and yet me thinks I do. What sort of people these Gentlemen may be. See: more! Is't sir *Paul* turn'd swaggerer? Or is his house abus'd by servants? I will not leave it, until they go out before me like a *Gayle-delivery*. They look like men betwixt a Reprieve and Pardon, Friend: Are these sir *Pauls* elected friends? *Be.* His protected friends sir. *Bul.* Protected? *Be.* Yes, there is a fraternity of them: The Brothers of the *Protest*. There is not a man of 'em, but has all *Mayors*, *Sheriffs*, *Bayliffs*, *Sergeants at Mace*, *Marshals men*, *Constables*, and other his *Majesties Officers*, in a Comb-case in his pocket. They are a Generation that never eat but in Parliament time, and now every Table is full of them.

Bul. I should wonder what they did here else. See. A Roaring Doctor too, broke out o' the Kings Bench. *Em.* Pate *like a Doctor*.

Pa. By your leave Gallants, I perceive your company is not yet full.

Tri. Are you of the invited sir?

Pa. It is not to be doubted sir. Yet a Voluntarie. But there are some without that are more than invited, yet come against their wills.

Luc. How mean you M. Doctor?

Pa. Brought sir by a Constable and Officers, to be examin'd. Where's the jollie Justice? *Tri.* What are they can ye tell sir?

Pa. A Gentlewoman, and a Spaniard. *Am.* A Spaniard, Ha!

Pa. I, a Spaniard, Ha: if you will have it so.

Luc. If we had but a Justice among us to examine 'hem, it might pass the time well till sir *Paul* came.

Be. Sir, here is a Justice, and for the same purpose too for ought we know, that shall not refuse to do it, and in sir *Pauls* Gown and Cap too.

Luc. This is a witty fellow.

Be. Sir, you cannot do a more acceptable office for your friend, than

execute his place in his absence. Your authority makes you capable of it; and I do the rather perswade it, because the Gentlemen whom you wisely suspect for loose persons, may see some example of Justice, which may prevent some present evil in their stay here.

Bul. I apprehend you friend. Give me the Gown and Chair, and let the Delinquents approach. *Umh, umh.* *Luc.* 'Tis a Spaniard indeed.

Enter *Vexhem, Squeleb*, like a Spaniard, *Trayn. Clerk.*

Vex. An English Spaniard sir; and therefore the verier knave, as will be prov'd I doubt not, to his shame, and my renown in the Commonwealth. By your Worships leave.

Bul. What news bring you M. Constable?

Vex. Spanish news sir. Will't please your Worship to examine the vertue of my Warrant, and then these Persons accordingly?

Squ. Very good! I am brought before my self to be examin'd, and before a fine rabble too! how the devil broke this unknown Nation into my house, or do not I mistake it? My foolery has led me into a fine predicament. I will not yet discloſe my self, but look a little further towards the event. *Bul.* Are you a Spaniard sir? *Sq.* Such a one as you see *Signior*.

Bul. *See Signior.* He speaks nothing but Spanish. The question will be how we shall understand this Examinant. *Squ.* Hey day!

Bul. I do see Signior, I thank the light, that you are a goodly man of outward parts, and except it were the black Knight himself, or him with the Fistula, the properest man I have seen of your Nation. They are a people of very spare dyet, I have heard, and therefore seldom fat. Sure you have had most of your breeding in this Countrey, the dyet whereof you like better than your own, which makes you linger here, after all your Countrey men, upon some uncouth plot. And I shall wonder therefore how you can speak no English. Can you speak no English at all sir? Answer me I pray.

Squ. Not an English word not I sir. Alas I have not been five dayes in the Kingdom. *Luc.* This is excellent!

I, peace. You'll mar all if you laugh.

Bul. Alas, what shall we do then? Gentlemen, have any of you any Spanish, to help me to understand this strange stranger?

Tri. Not a Rial sir not I.

Luc. Nor a Rials worth amongst us of any Language but sheer English. *Bul.* What Shire of our Nation is next to *Spain*? Perhaps he may understand that Shire English. *Tri.* *Devonshire* or *Cornwal* sir.

Non. Never credit me, but I will spout some Cornish at him. *Peden kraz widne whee bia cregus.*

Squ.

Squ. Am I transform'd utterly? I my language alter'd with my apparel, or are you all mad? what unspeakable misery is this?

Bul. I see we shall never understand, nor do good on him, till he be instructed in the English tongue.

Vex. And please your Worship, the best University for this purpose, will be *Bridewell*. I am acquainted with the best Tutors there, Master *Cleanwhip*, Master *Dry-bob*, and divers others in.

Squ. You officious Rascal, are you mad?

Vex. No such matter sir. But in my right mind, & *Middlesex* fear it not.

Bul. It must be so. His instruction will cost little there, if he be not too old to learn. Therefore set him by, and let me fall upon the Gentlewoman. *Vex.* Oh, he's rarely vext.

Bul. Now Gentlewoman, will it please you to be unmasqu'd?

Tra. Yes sir look you, I dare shew my face.

Bul. Mistris *Trainwel*, as I apprehend. *Omnes.* Mistris *Trainwel*.

Squ. Trainwel! Tra. Even she Gentlemen, as I will more circumstantially reveal unto you presently, after a word or two with my fellow Prisoner; for which I crave your favour.

Bul. With all my heart, so you can speak Spanish and make him understand you.

Tra. You see I am not the woman you took me for: but one ordain'd for your greater good. If you will give me my present demand, I will turn all your disgrace into laughter; make you of worthier effect now at the instant, than ever you were; by the general approbation of these, and all that know you beside. Your Neece too shall be restor'd to your own liking, and all shall be as well as you can wish. Otherwise, if you have a mind to be everlastingly sham'd, by being perpetually laught at, take your own course, I'le take mine.

Squ. I am astonish'd. What is your Demand?

Tra. Whereas your purpose was to make a Whore. Make me your honest Wife; no more. Be sudden in your resolve, all will be naught else.

Squ. I am in a mischievous streight then. *Redimete captum.* Thy wit deserves my love. I'le do't, here's my hand, and faith I'le do't. Thou art mine, and I am thine directly. *Tra.* Then hark you sir.

Tri. Sir, what will you say, if this Gentlewoman convert the Spaniard, turn him true English subject, and present him you with the Oaths of *Allegiance* and *Supremacy* in his mouth presently?

Bul. I will say, she deserves for ever hereafter to hold her peace.

Tra. Now bear up sir. Look confidently, and say, you put on your Disguize purposely to entertain disguiz'd guests. Come avant with your Picca de goat, and begin with the Justice here.

Squ.

Squ. Thou hast made me a man for ever, and I will make thee a Woman directly. Gallants save you. See here the *Metamorphosis*, that means to metamorphose you all. Alas I know you for all your Disguizes, and thought to entertain you in your kind. *Omnes.* Sir *Paul Squelch*!

Squ. First out of you, my Usurer, and most Upstartical Justice, whose office is your trade, and Clerk your Prentice, I will draw a man of little or no moment: yet my friend, and Master *Bullfinch*, out of the Chair of Justice. This may prognosticate the putting of my self, or many others out of Commission within these few years; though I am no Prophet. Do I speak English now? Do I know you now, or you me?

Bul. Questionless, we should know one another sir *Paul*; or else one of us two were both very ignorant.

Squ. To proceed in my Metamorphosis. I will change you most confus'd Roarer, into an accomplisht Knight. And bid you welcom, noble Sir *Philip Luckless*. *Luc.* I like the change well, and thank you sir.

Squ. Next sir of you Roarer, or Jeerer, or whatsoever you are, I will make a compleat Gentleman, most answerable to your name Master *Tridewel*. *Tri.* Very well sir.

Squ. But out of you Master Doctor, I will pick a certain Knave. Where is my Neece sirah? *Pa.* Which of your Neeces sir?

Squ. Have I so many sir? I mean my only one *Constance*, find her me, or I will transflate you out of an *Æsculapian* Cock, into a *Newgate* Bird immediately.

Wild. Sir, if you will metamorphose me out of a Batchelour into a Bridegroom, I'le shew you your Neece. *Squ.* This my Neece?

Vex. O have I found you Mistris? Sir, this is the Gentlewoman I brought before your Worship to day.

Squ. Hold thy peace: art in thy right mind?

Vex. As I am in my right mind and *Middlesex*, it is she sir. I had not matter enough then to lay to her charge; for which I thank your Worship I kist *Newgate*. But now I have sir: she has left a Child upon our Parish, I am sure got by an unknown Father; and has been a loose Liver, both at *Duke Humfreys*, and most of the winke at houses about the Town these four years, which I can sufficiently prove.

Squ. Hold thy peace Knave. I'le put these plummis i' thy mouth else. *Gold.*

Hold. Sir, my Child shall trouble your Parish no longer, here is a Father, my troth plight Husband, sufficient to keep it and me, wilt thou not Duck? *Wild.* Duck? my name is *Widgeon*, you mistake the man sure.

Hold. Sure I do not. This Gentleman, and this Gentlewoman, and

this

this trusty Servant of ours, are my witnesses, I am your Wife sir.

Wid. O I am undone, quite cast away. Sister help me now with your Law wit, or I perish for ever.

Fit. This is not to be endured: cheating, and vile abuse. This contract can not be lawful. One person mistaken for another, a lawful impediment to be divorc'd for, though they were married.

Tri. It might do well, if (as he confesses himself) he had not made all too sure, as well within as without.

Squ. Sir *Philip*, while they wrangle out their cause, let us agree: Find you but the means to make her lawfully your Wife, and here take her with my faithful promise, of the equal half of my estate presently.

Luc. Sir *Paul* I thank you.

Fit. I say this is no lawful contract: And though we are legally divorc'd, yet neither he nor I may lawfully marry, while we both live, having been lawfully married. And till you can disprove that, sir I'le forbid your Banes good sir *Philip*, and lay your hopes a cooling, friendly Master *Tridewel*, for your love in managing this business.

Tri. Lady give me leave, if I have strain'd a point of friendship, it was your love gave the strength to my wit. *Fit.* My love?

Tri. Your love indeed Lady. Which (and which *Cupid* pardon me for) now, that I see I may enjoy, I am not so eagerly taken with, yet if you will ——

Fit. Sir you cannot enjoy me, nor he her, lesse you can disprove the lawfulnesse of our former marriage.

Tri. To clear that point, do you know the Minister?

Fit. 'Tis not so long since, but I can remember his face.

Tri. Then to continue sir *Pauls* Metamorphosis: I'e draw him out of this Doctor. *Is* not this he? *Discovers* Pate *like a Parson.*

Fit. It is. But is not he a lawful Minister? I would know that.

Pa. To clear that doubt, there lies my *Order of Priesthood.*

Omnes, Who, *Oliver*! —— *Throws off his Disguize.*

Pa. Even he, the Parson *Nochurch*, and this my Patron, whom I must beseech, together with the whole company, to preserve me out of the high Commission: for look you, here is again your Licence.

Fit. Would you do this Master *Tridewel*?

Tri. Faith I foresaw an untowardnesse in the Match: which if you repent the breach of, there's your Licence? and the way to Church lies before you.

Fit. No sir. First get my brother free of his contract, and then a Licence with your own name, and I'le wait on you to Church as soon as

you

Wid. Most happily (sir) better all's well again. I have given her a hundred pounds to relinquish her right in me. Which afore all these witnesses you do; do you not, sir?

Hol. Yes most freely.

Wid. Well then, I will not (for shame) marry. But if ever I steal a wife again, let her be a witch, and may I burn with her for company. However, thou art out of countenance, and thou too honest *Humfrey*, methinks. Come bear up. I forgive. 'Twas your errours, not malice.

Hum. Sir, for my part, I'le take my corporal oath——

Wid. It shall not need good *Humfrey*. And for me sir——

Wid. Nay, I dare not but believe that before thou speakest (Governour) therefore prithee lets not talk on't our selves, but quietly, and presently begin our revels, that we may hear no body else talk on't.

Squ. Gentlemen and Ladies, I see you all at peace so well, that I wish no further content to any, except Master *Nonsense* here.

Non. Never credit me, but I have had sport enough o'conscience, and if I do not make a Stage-play on't when I come into *Cornwall*, I protest and vow then say there was *Nonsense* in this.

Squ. I am glad you conclude so friendly with the rest. All the inquietnesse will be in the Kitchin presently, if your meat stay for you, Gallants. *Now within.* 'Twas time to speak. They knock at Dresser already. Will ye in?

You are all welcome: And I wish every Guest
As merry, as our Northern Lasses *Feast.*

FINIS.